GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

12c

10016-502
FEBRUARY

CURIOS

Strange reflections in a shop window foretell frightening events— — that come true!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ARCHITECTURE

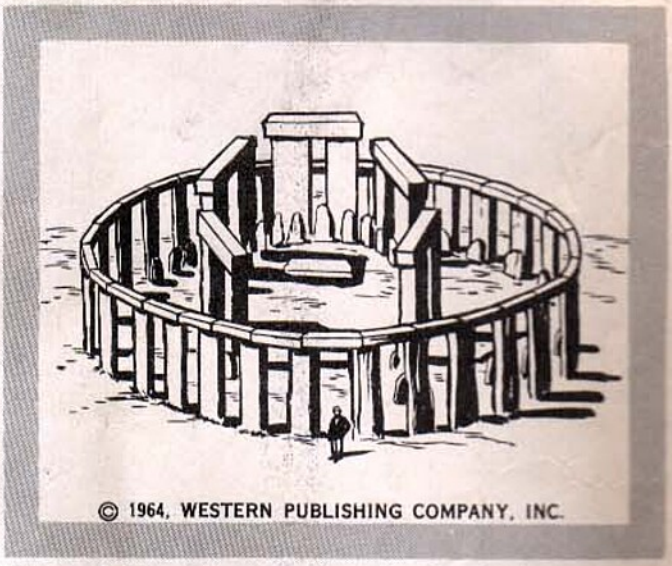
NUMBER 2

ANCIENT MONUMENTS

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

To honor his dead, and his gods, early man would erect a dolmen—two or more stone uprights supporting a horizontal slab.

At Carnac, in Brittany, ancient man left thousands of menhirs—these are stone pillars mysteriously arranged in long lines.



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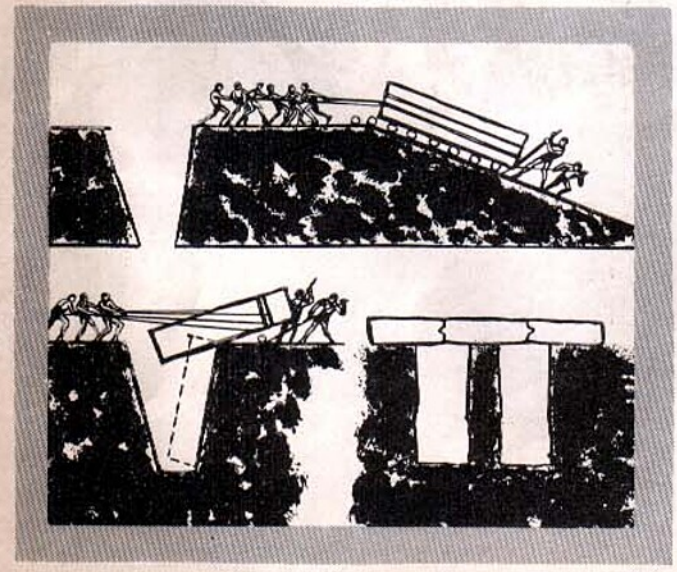
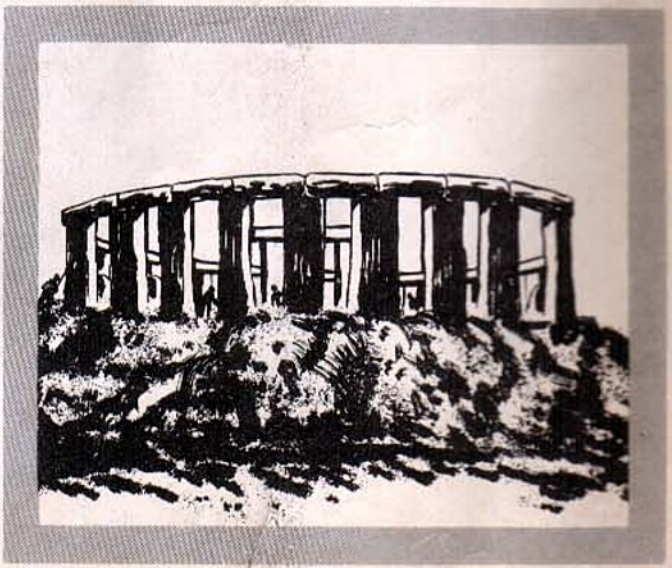
Famed Stonehenge, in England, is an age-old "sacred circle" of stone! It is 100 feet in diameter, and used in prehistoric rites.



It is believed that primitive men hauled the 15 ft. pillars to the top of an earthen mound and then dropped them into place.



After stone lintels, or crossbeams were dragged into position, the earth was excavated leaving the finished monument.

AND AS ERIC MARTIN FOLLOWS THE HALF-CRAZED MAN...
HELP... I NEED HELP!
PERHAPS IT'S ALL A TRICK --PERHAPS THIS STRANGER IS PART OF IT!-- GREAT GOSH! L-LOOK OUT!
RRIPP
EAT

BUT ERIC'S WARNING CRY COMES TOO LATE, AS...
OH-H-H!
YIII...

COFFINS CRUSHED HIM-- A-AND THE MAN SAW A REFLECTION OF DEATH IN THE CURIO SHOP WINDOW...

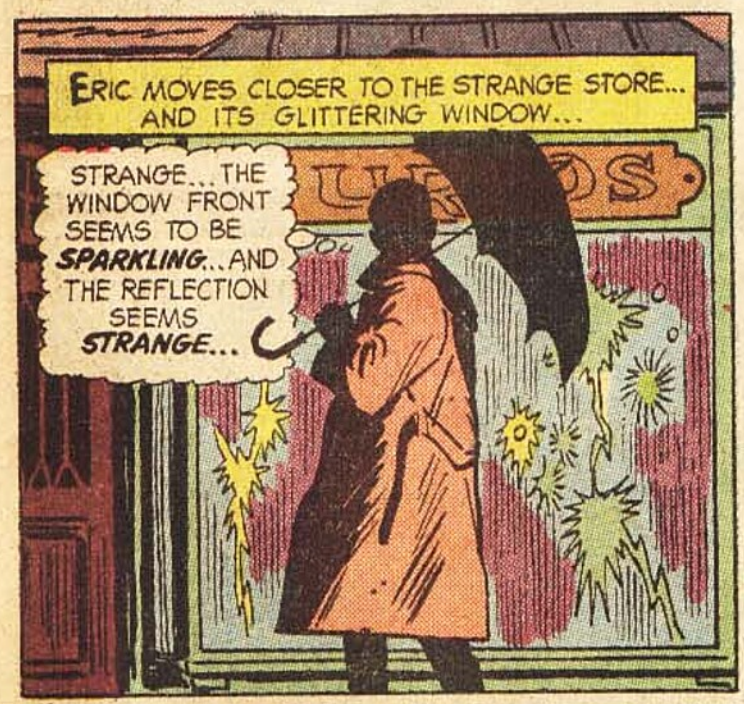
I- I'VE GOT TO LOOK AGAIN-- PERHAPS THAT HIDEOUS IMAGE IS GONE... A-AND I'LL BE MYSELF!
PIER

BUT MINUTES LATER, AS ERIC AGAIN GLANCES WITH FEAR-FILLED EYES AT THE WINDOW...
IT'S WORSE--MY REFLECTION IS EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING!

The TWILIGHT ZONE

The BEWITCHING WINDOW

AS ERIC MARTIN STROLLED DOWN THE LONELY STREET HE FELT THAT SOMETHING HAD CHANGED IN HIS NEIGHBORHOOD ...THAT SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT!-- SOMETHING SEEMED TO BE CALLING HIM... FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
EH, WHAT'S THAT..? --WHY, THERE WAS NEVER A CURIO SHOP THERE BEFORE..?
CURIOS
CURIOS


ERIC MOVES CLOSER TO THE STRANGE STORE... AND ITS GLITTERING WINDOW...
STRANGE... THE WINDOW FRONT SEEMS TO BE SPARKLING... AND THE REFLECTION SEEMS STRANGE...

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
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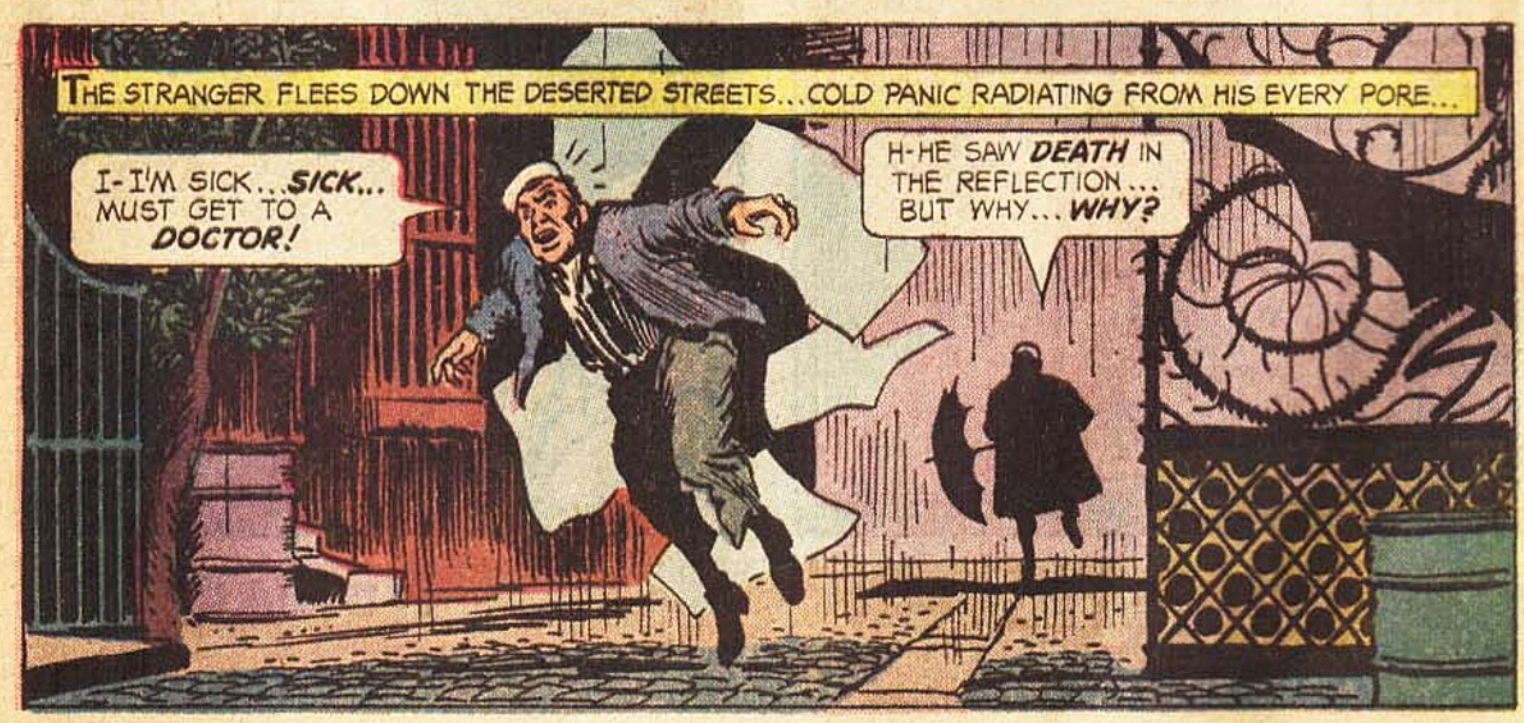
WH-WHAT MADNESS IS THIS...? --A SHOP APPEARS WHERE NONE STOOD BEFORE! AND MY REFLECTION ISN'T ME AT ALL, BUT SOME MADMAN!

THEN, AS ANOTHER NIGHT STROLLER APPROACHES...
I-I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF.. I MUST BE OVERWORKED... THIS MAN APPROACHING--I-I'LL SEE IF THE WINDOW DISTURBS HIM TOO...
URIOS

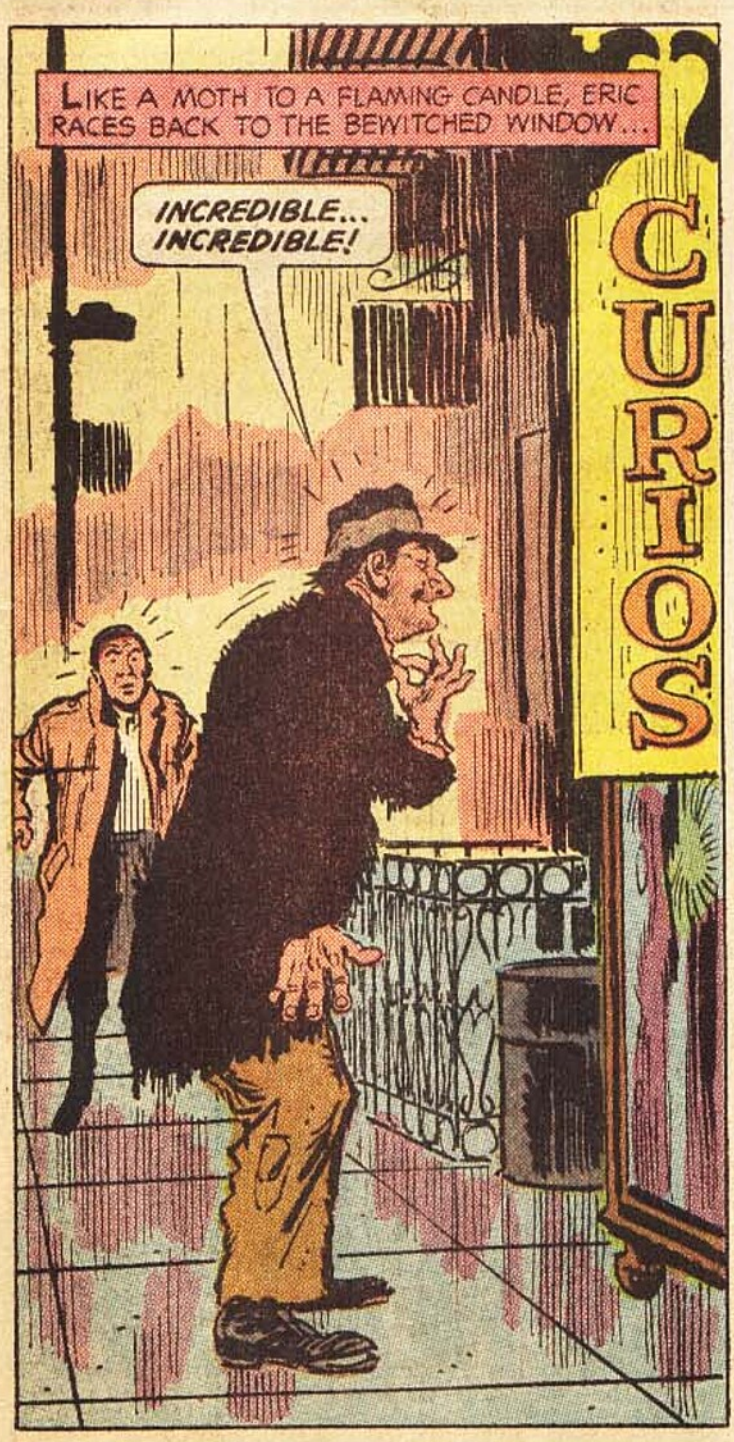
THE STROLLER ALSO PAUSES... AND TURNS TOWARD THE WINDOW...
H-HE DOES SEE SOMETHING!
YAAAAGH!

M-MY FACE... IT LOOKS LIKE A DEATH MASK--A-AND I'M DRESSED IN THE BLACK CLOAK OF DEATH ITSELF!


THE STRANGER FLEES DOWN THE DESERTED STREETS...COLD PANIC RADIATING FROM HIS EVERY PORE...
I-I'M SICK...SICK... MUST GET TO A DOCTOR!
H-HE SAW DEATH IN THE REFLECTION... BUT WHY... WHY?

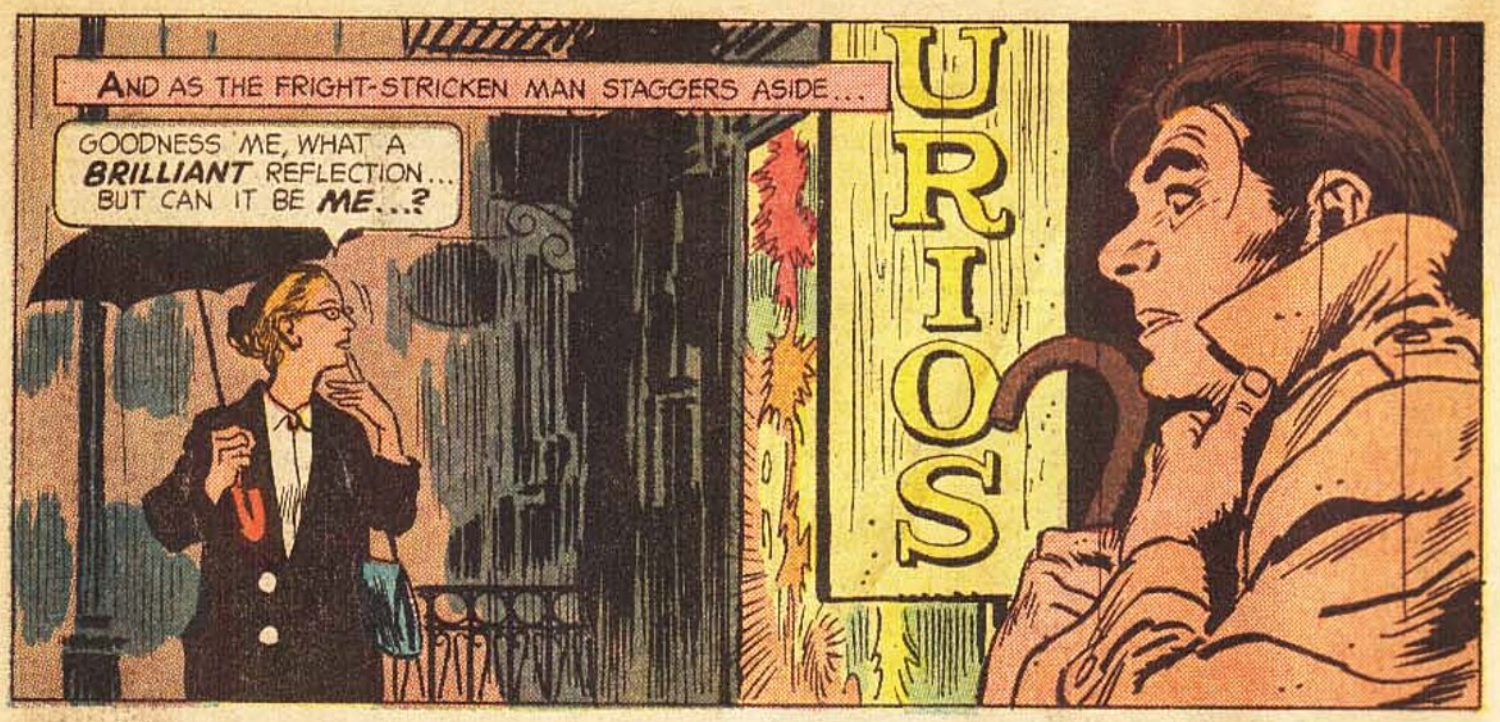
AND SHORTLY...
LINDA--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF? Y-YOU'RE RAVISHING! YOU SEEM SO...DIFFERENT!
YOU JUST NEVER REALLY SAW ME BEFORE, ANDREW--THIS IS MY TRUE SELF!

I'M GOING TO TAKE UP FASHION MODELING AS A CAREER...BEGINNING TOMORROW!
S-SHE BELIEVES SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...AND SHE IS! BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT DOES THAT ACCURSED WINDOW HOLD FOR ME?


LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAMING CANDLE, ERIC RACES BACK TO THE BEWITCHED WINDOW...
INCREDIBLE... INCREDIBLE!
CURIOS

THEN...
G-GREAT GRIEF--A BUM--REFLECTED AS A PROSPEROUS MAN ABOUT TOWN!

ABRUPTLY, ERIC'S CONFUSED MIND RUNS WILD WITH PANIC...
YOU STREET BEGGAR--WHY DOES THE REFLECTION SHOW YOU AS A RICH MAN?


AND AS THE FRIGHT-STRICKEN MAN STAGGERS ASIDE...
GOODNESS ME, WHAT A BRILLIANT REFLECTION... BUT CAN IT BE ME...?
URIOS

WHY, IT IS ME-- AND I'M BEAUTIFUL!

M-MY HAIR LOOKS SO SOFT AND SILKY... MY PROFILE IS PERFECT...

AND EVEN MY NOSE HAS A DISTINCTIVE, GRECIAN LOOK! I'M A GORGEOUS YOUNG LADY!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO KEEP MY DATE WITH ANDREW!
A... PLAIN GIRL... POSSESSED WITH A BELIEF THAT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AFTER SEEING HER REFLECTION... I'LL... FOLLOW HER TOO...

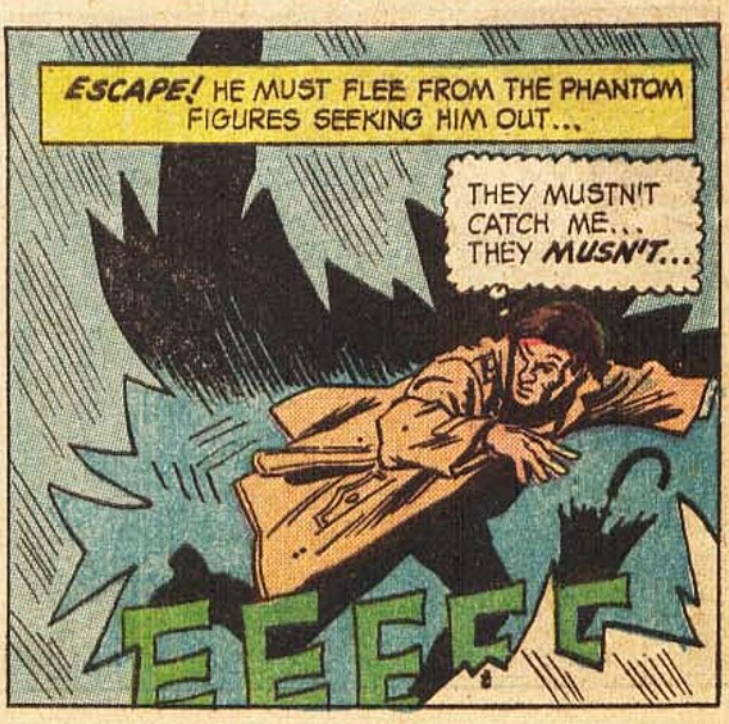
AS IF REFLECTING SOME MACABRE SCENE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE ON THE CITY STREETS...
TELL ME! TELL ME! I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER MOMENT OF THIS MADNESS!
UNHAND ME, YOU WILD MAN... LET ME GO! I LOOK WELL-OFF BECAUSE...
I AM A MILLIONAIRE! THAT'S EXACTLY HOW I DRESSED FOR THIRTY YEARS...
I WAS PRESIDENT OF THE BIGGEST TOY COMPANY IN THE EAST...UNTIL I LOST FAITH WITH HUMANITY AND THREW MY LIFE AWAY DOWN HERE!
BUT NOW I'M LEAVING THE BOWERY-- I'M GOING BACK UPTOWN AND TAKE MY RIGHTFUL PLACE IN SOCIETY AGAIN!

AND AS THE BIZARRE "BUM" LEAVES, ERIC MARTIN TURNS ONCE AGAIN TO HIS RAGING REFLECTION...
YOU DEMON... WHY DO YOU TORMENT ME SO?

I'LL DESTROY YOU!

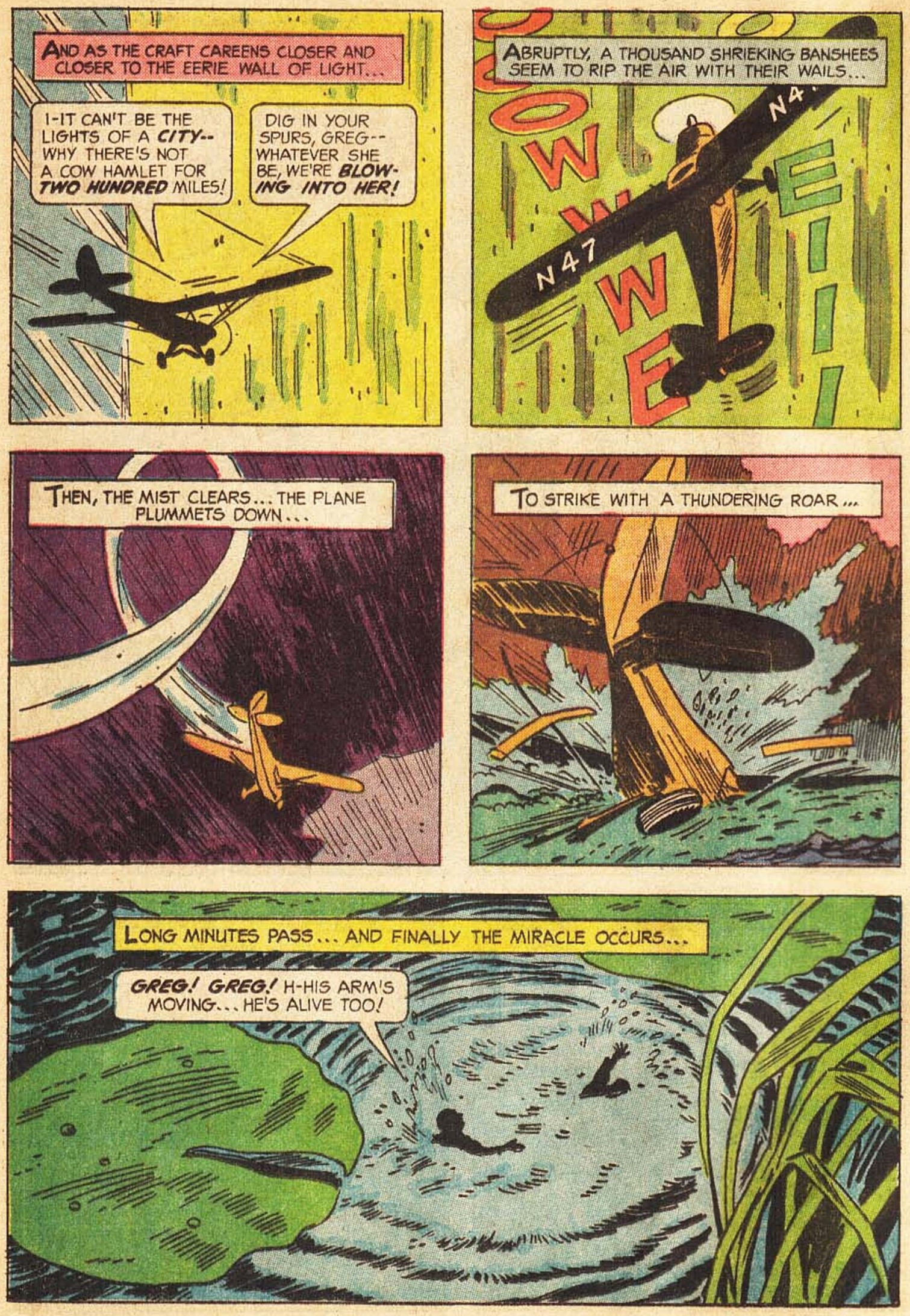
BEGONE, YOU ACCURSED CREATURE!-- YOU'RE ONLY IN MY MIND! YOU DON'T EXIST!
CRAAASH

LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, ERIC WHIRLS IN THE GLASS-STREWN STREET...
POLICE! T-THEY MUSTN'T FIND ME HERE...
WHEEEE!

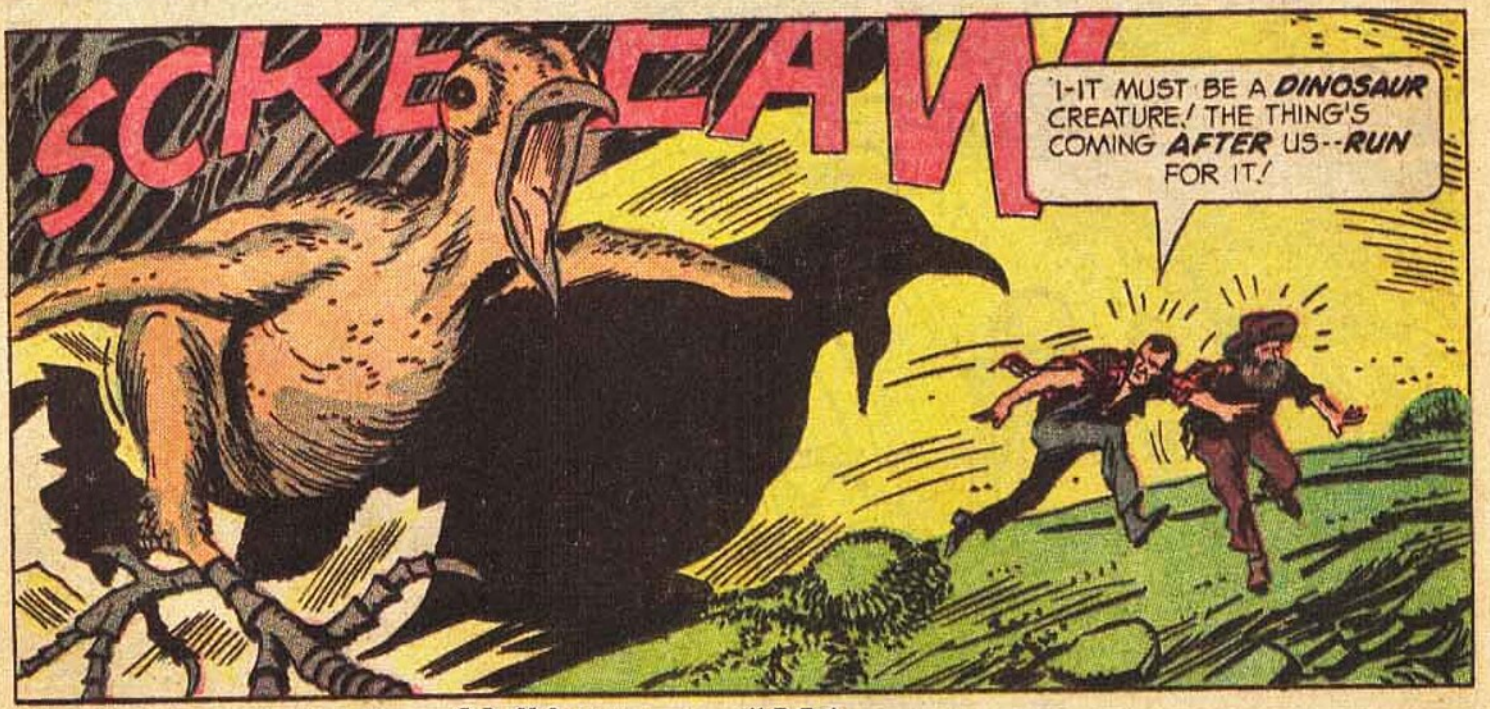

ESCAPE! HE MUST FLEE FROM THE PHANTOM FIGURES SEEKING HIM OUT...
THEY MUSTN'T CATCH ME... THEY MUSN'T...
EEEE

HE RUNS FASTER... FASTER, HIS FIERY EYES PIERCING THE DARKNESS... HIS HEART POUNDING WILDLY...
WHEE
EE
EE
UNTIL...
THERE HE IS! TAKE IT EASY NOW... WE WON'T HURT YOU!
THAT'S A GOOD BOY, ERIC--YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE RUN AWAY!
THERE'S A NICE WARM BATH AND A GOOD MEAL WAITING FOR YOU BACK AT THE HOME! COME ALONG, NOW...
YES, ERIC MARTIN WAS REALLY AN ESCAPED MADMAN--BUT WERE THE WINDOW REFLECTIONS A RESULT OF HIS OWN TWISTED MIND--OR WERE THEY A PEEK INTO... THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
8
POLICE

The TWILIGHT ZONE
LOST ACRE
RIDE HER, PARDNER!-- IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A LITTLE NIP-UP IN THE WEATHER TO BUST US OUT OF THE SADDLE!
THE TWO PROSPECTORS WERE NOT FRIGHTENED AS THEIR PLANE PLUMMETED THROUGH THE RAGING STORM OVER REMOTE COUNTRY! THEY WERE OLD-TIMERS TO THE WILDS--BUT THEY COULDN'T KNOW THAT THIS TIME THEY WERE PROSPECTING... THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
WHY, GREG, TWENTY YEARS AGO WE WERE ON FOOT IN COUNTRY LIKE THIS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER AND LOST LIKE TWO BLIND POLECATS!
SURE THING, SANDY-- JUST LIKE WE ARE NOW! THE RADIO'S DEAD, WE'RE RUNNING OUTA GAS AND HECK KNOWS WHERE THE STORM'S BLOWN US...
SUDDENLY...
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! LOOK AHEAD!


AND AS THE CRAFT CAREENS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE EERIE WALL OF LIGHT...
I-IT CAN'T BE THE LIGHTS OF A CITY-- WHY THERE'S NOT A COW HAMLET FOR TWO HUNDRED MILES!
DIG IN YOUR SPURS, GREG-- WHATEVER SHE BE, WE'RE BLOWING INTO HER!
ABRUPTLY, A THOUSAND SHRIEKING BANSHEES SEEM TO RIP THE AIR WITH THEIR WAILS...
N47
WHEE!
THEN, THE MIST CLEARS... THE PLANE PLUMMETS DOWN...
TO STRIKE WITH A THUNDERING ROAR...
LONG MINUTES PASS... AND FINALLY THE MIRACLE OCCURS...
GREG! GREG! H-HIS ARM'S MOVING... HE'S ALIVE TOO!

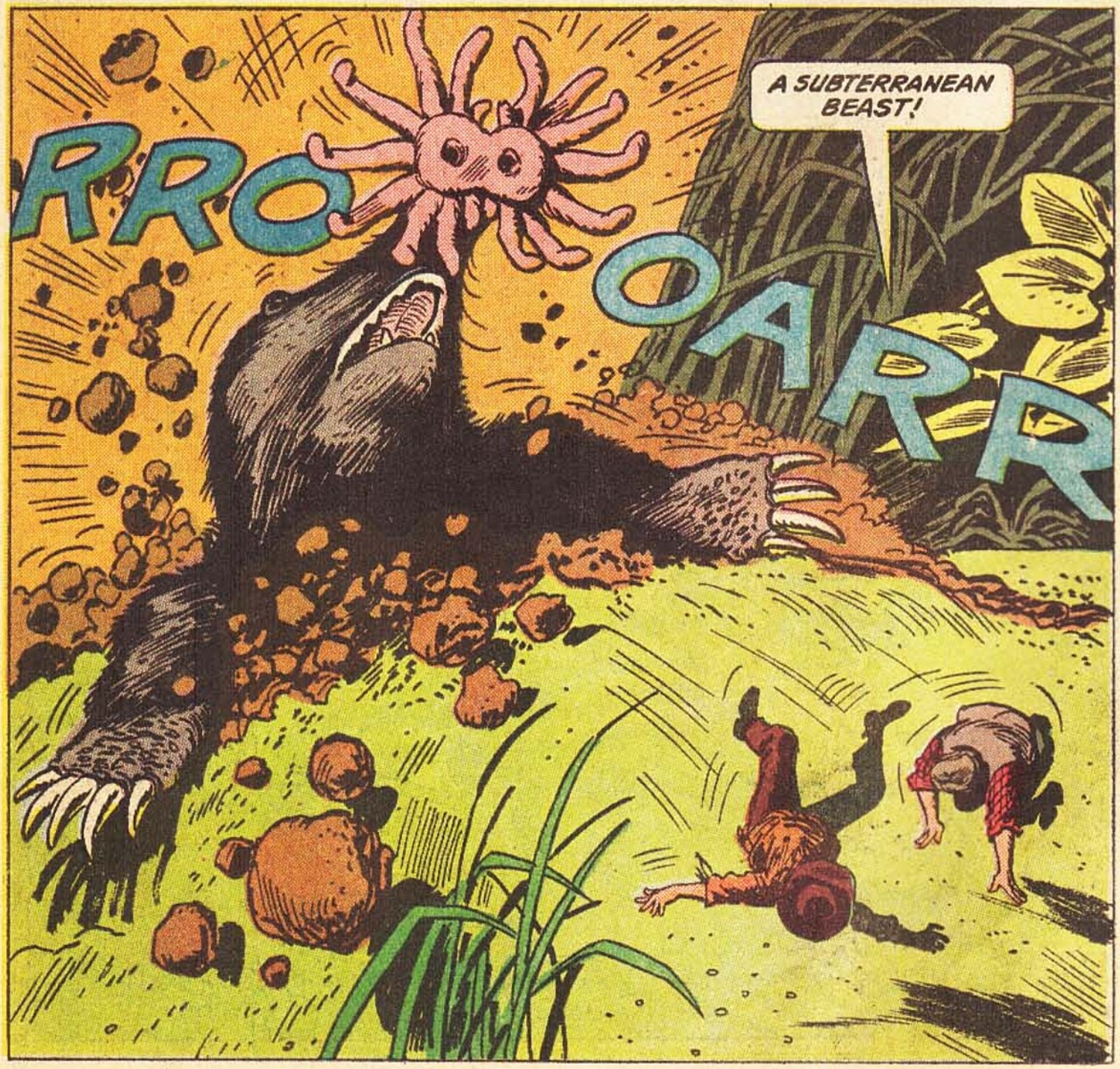
DESPERATELY, THE PAIR SWIM ASHORE...
W-WHERE ARE WE, GREG?-- WHAT HAPPENED?
S-SANDY... W-WE'VE ENTERED SOME TERRIBLE LOST WORLD... I'VE SEEN NO LAND LIKE THIS IN THIRTY YEARS OF PROSPECTING FOR GOLD!



OldWaynes #321

FOR AN HOUR THE PAIR PLUMMET THROUGH THE TOWERING GRASS UNTIL...
W-WHAT CAN WE HAVE STUMBLED INTO, GREG? --SOME LOST WORLD FROM A MILLION YEARS AGO...?
WHO KNOWS! THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET OUT! WE'LL REST A SPELL AND...

BUT THERE IS TO BE NO REST FOR THE WANDERERS IN THE LOST ACRE... SUDDENLY...
THE EARTH'S MOVING--LIKE IT'S ALIVE!
EARTHQUAKE!

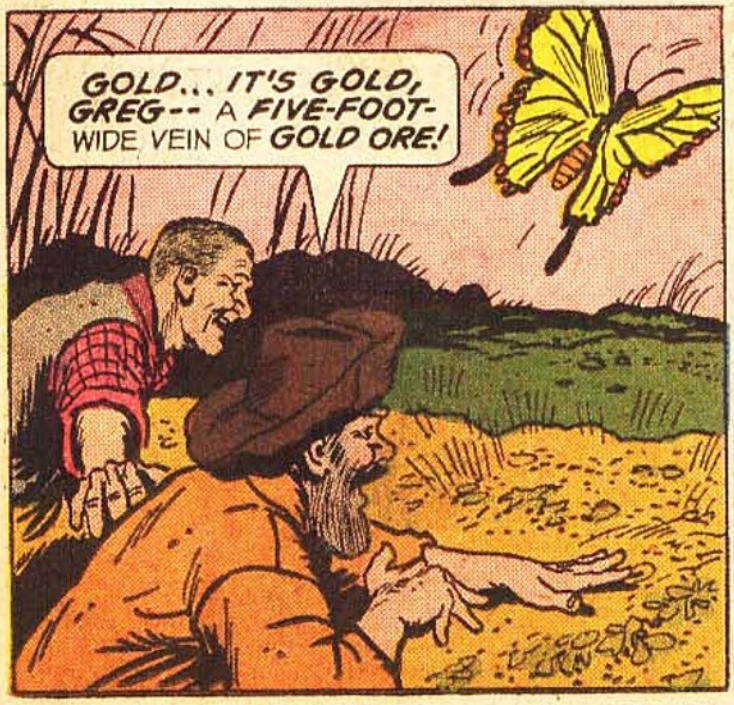

A SUBTERRANEAN BEAST!
RROOARRR

FEAR GIVES THEIR FEET WINGS AS THEY RACE FOR AN EXIT FROM...THE TWILIGHT ZONE...

BUT THE UNKNOWN TERRORS BESET THEM FROM EVERY SIDE...
A-A FLYING DRAGON!

THE OLD-TIMERS CALL UPON EVERY OUNCE OF STAMINA THIRTY YEARS OF PROSPECTING HAS GIVEN THEM...
WHOOOOO

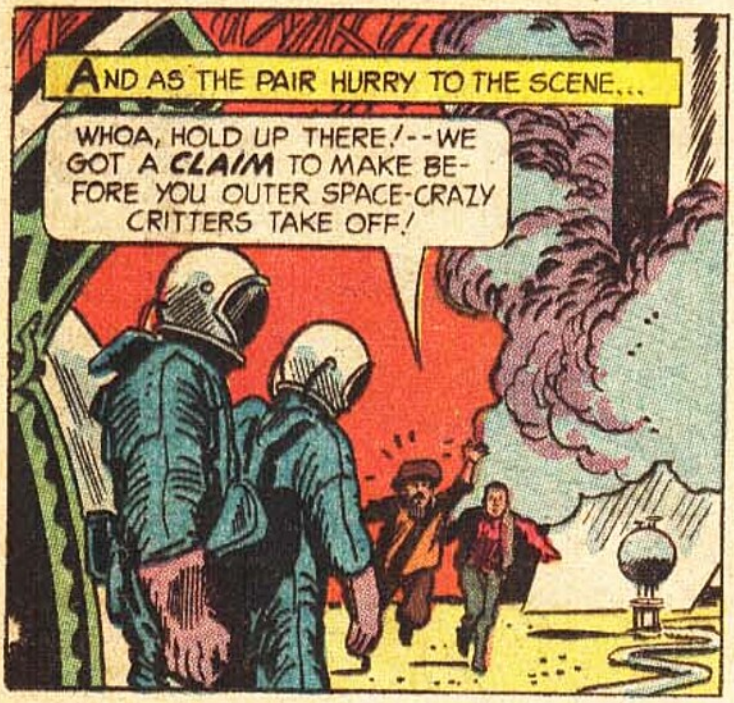
BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO GREAT...

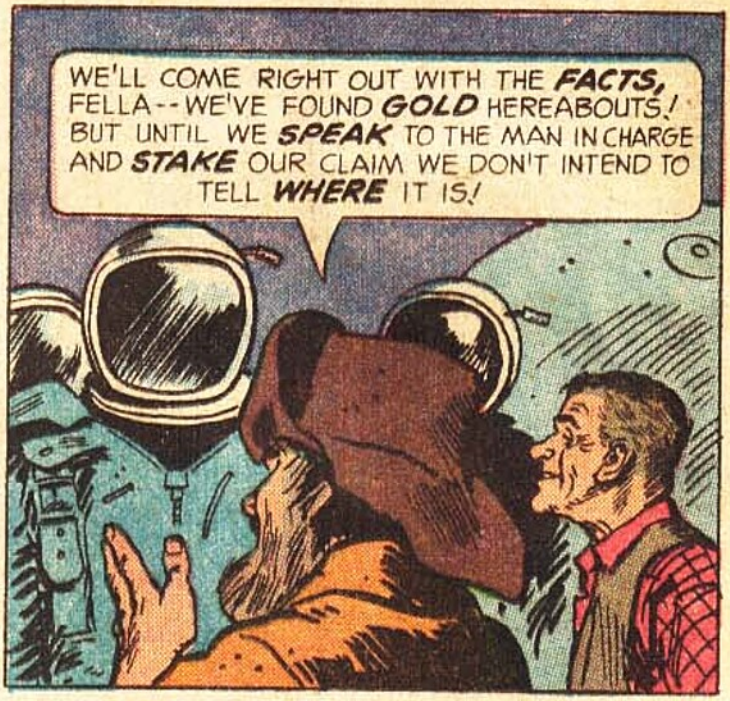

GOLD... IT'S GOLD, GREG-- A FIVE-FOOT-WIDE VEIN OF GOLD ORE!

HEH, HEH, SURE AS I'M A FOOT TALL IT'S GOLD ALL RIGHT, GREG! WE FINALLY FOUND IT--THE BIGGEST VEIN EVER! WE'LL FIGHT THOSE MONSTER BEASTS WITH CANNON IF WE HAVE TO--THIS IS OURS!
LISTEN!
WWOOSSS

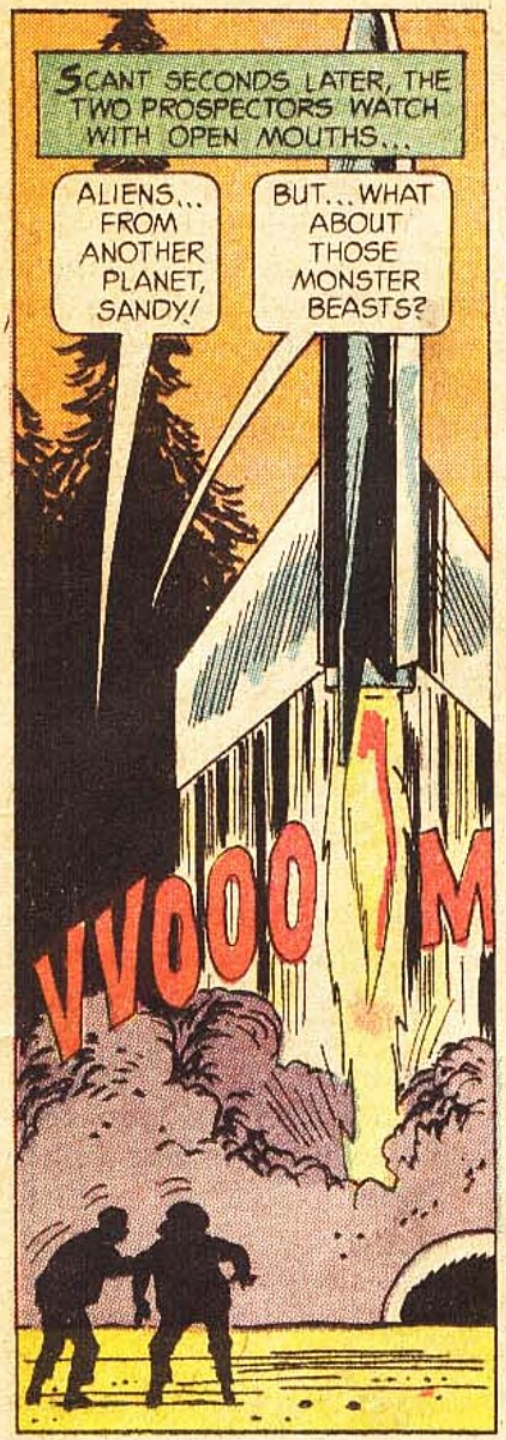
WHY, IT'S A ROCKET LAUNCHING HEADQUARTERS!
OF COURSE! THIS MUST BE A SECRET GOVERNMENT ROCKET SITE--AND THOSE GIANT CREATURES MUST BE EXPERIMENTS BY THE GOVERNMENT!

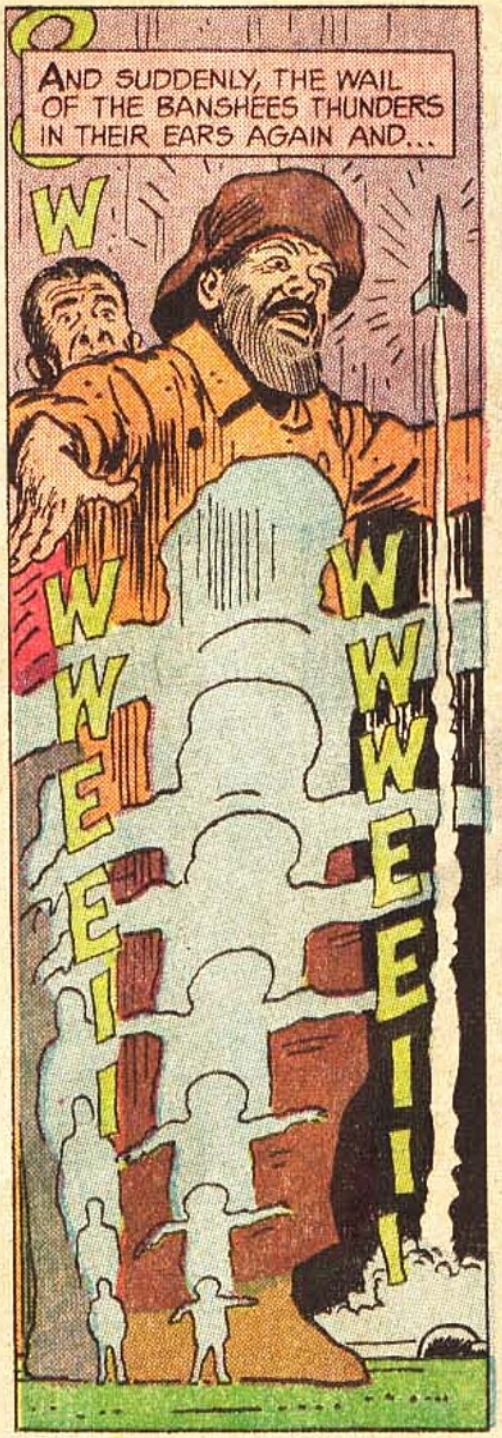
BUT REMEMBER, THE GOLD IS OURS--EVEN IF IT IS GOVERNMENT LAND WE GOT A RIGHT TO IT... JUST LIKE OUT WEST!
YER TOOTIN' WELL RIGHT, SANDY! WE'LL JUST PLAY IT CUTE-LIKE...


AND AS THE PAIR HURRY TO THE SCENE...
WHOA, HOLD UP THERE!--WE GOT A CLAIM TO MAKE BEFORE YOU OUTER SPACE-CRAZY CRITTERS TAKE OFF!


WE'LL COME RIGHT OUT WITH THE FACTS, FELLA--WE'VE FOUND GOLD HEREABOUTS! BUT UNTIL WE SPEAK TO THE MAN IN CHARGE AND STAKE OUR CLAIM WE DON'T INTEND TO TELL WHERE IT IS!

I AM THE ONE IN CHARGE--BUT WE CAN DO NO BUSINESS, EARTHLING! YOU WILL STAY CLEAR OF THE AREA WHILE WE BLAST OFF--OUR WORK HERE IS ENDED!


SCANT SECONDS LATER, THE TWO PROSPECTORS WATCH WITH OPEN MOUTHS...
ALIENS... FROM ANOTHER PLANET, SANDY!
BUT...WHAT ABOUT THOSE MONSTER BEASTS?
VVOOOOM

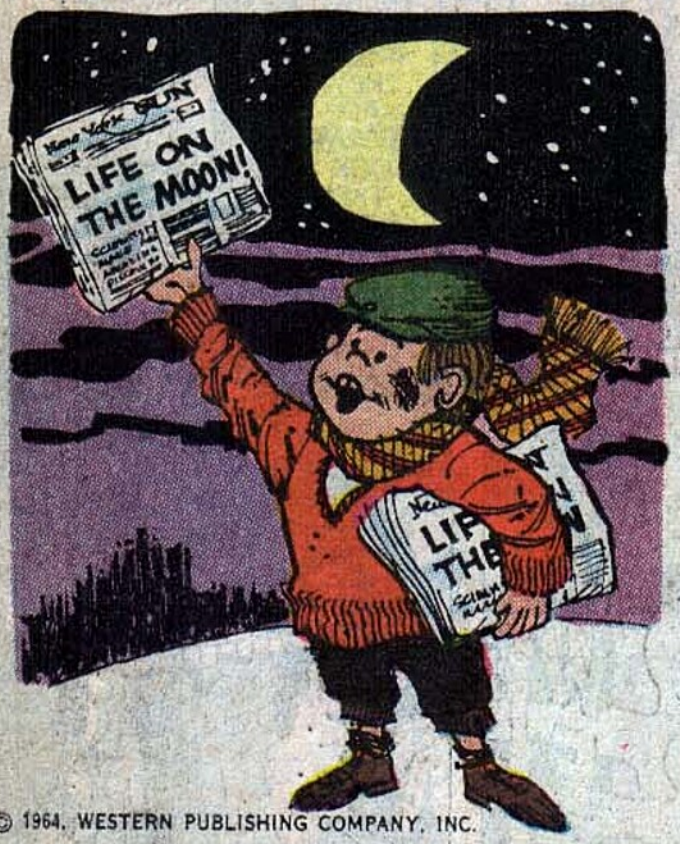

AND SUDDENLY, THE WAIL OF THE BANSHEES THUNDERS IN THEIR EARS AGAIN AND...
WWEEIIII
WWEEIIII

THEN...
G-GREG -- THEY'VE MADE US GIANTS... LOOK AT THEIR BUILDING BELOW!
NO, SANDY, WE'RE JUST OUR REGULAR SELVES AGAIN!

DON'T YOU SEE?--LOOK AT THE TREES! THE ALIENS WERE THE DIMINUTIVE ONES... AND THEIR BIZARRE MIST WE PASSED THROUGH MADE US SMALL TOO...SO WE'D BE EQUAL!

YES...YES...AND IT MADE ALL ANIMAL LIFE LITTLE ALSO-- EXCEPT THOSE IT COULDN'T AFFECT BECAUSE THEY HADN'T BEEN HATCHED YET...OR LIVED UNDERGROUND!
RIGHT! THAT WAS A BABY EAGLE THAT CAME OUT OF THE EGG! HA, HA! AND OUR GOLD, GREG--IT'S JUST A LITTLE VEIN... BUT IT'S OURS!

THE MEN ON THE MOON



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In the year 1834, the *New York Sun* was in serious financial trouble, and close to bankruptcy. Desperate, the owner of the newspaper promised a handsome reward to anyone who could boost the *Sun*'s circulation. But everyone knew only a miracle could save the paper.

Reporter Richard Locke of the *Sun*'s staff came up with the necessary miracle.

It was the next day that the paper reported startling discoveries had been made about the moon, by Sir John Herschel the great British astronomer who was visiting Africa. The item reported that Herschel had perfected a miraculous new telescope by which he could see the moon as though from a distance of 150 yards! It further stated that this amazing lens had actually *discovered life on the moon.*

The item, written by Locke, claimed that its information came from a British scientific journal. Within an hour excited New Yorkers had bought up every copy of the *Sun.*

Of course there were skeptics who thought the story was ridiculous, but the next day readers of the *Sun* learned that Locke had laid hands on the scientific journal in question, and that the *Sun* would silence its critics by printing the article concerning Herschel's discoveries in six installments.

Up in the *Sun*'s office Richard Locke scribbled away, concocting the startling details that would soon amaze the world. Herschel's imaginary telescope weighed 7½ tons and included a "hydrogen-oxygen" microscope which projected the image of the moon on a huge canvas.

Each day Locke revealed more of Sir John's imaginary discoveries. The super-powered telescope had discovered hundred-foot high jewel-like rocks on the moon. There were valleys crowded with miniature buffaloes and blue unicorns, not to mention a weird life-form that looked like a ball and moved about by rolling.

The *Sun*'s circulation multiplied rapidly. Other newspapers reprinted Locke's story. Editors, scientists, philosophers all agreed that they'd always believed there was life on the moon.

Locke's imagination soared! He announced that Herschel had discovered more weird creatures on the moon including a tiny zebra and a bear with horns.

The climax came when Locke reported the discovery of batmen on the moon, copper-hued creatures with wings and yellow beards! The *Sun*'s circulation rose to 25,000 per day. Locke's salary was doubled. The enterprising reporter then took steps to get off the hook before the hoax was discovered.

The next day he reported that Herschel's telescope had been destroyed by a clumsy assistant who had accidentally started a fire which swept through the telescope. For weeks afterward readers kept buying the *Sun* hoping for news that the telescope had been repaired.

Then in an unguarded moment Locke confessed that the entire story was a hoax. But instead of being scorned, the reporter became famous. His inventiveness and enterprise were admired by everyone. Even Sir John Herschel himself had a hearty laugh when he heard the story on his return from Africa.

As for life on the moon ——— who knows? We'll have to wait for the last word which won't come until the first space explorers land on the lunar surface!

THE PATIENT WORKERS

THE FOUR OMINOUS FIGURES WORKED CAREFULLY, MECHANICALLY IN THE GLOOM OF THE LABORATORY. FOR THIS WAS THEIR GREATEST EXPERIMENT... AND THEY MUST NOT FAIL!

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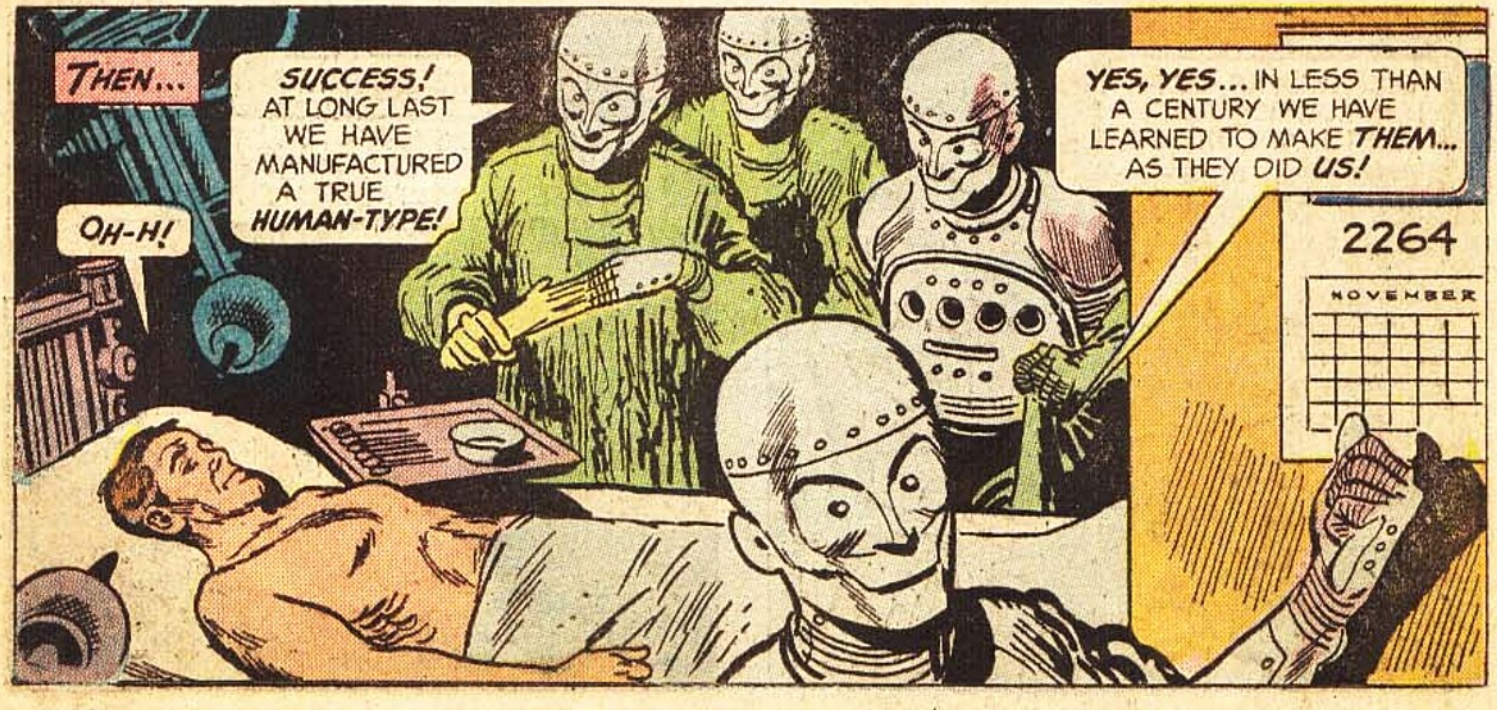
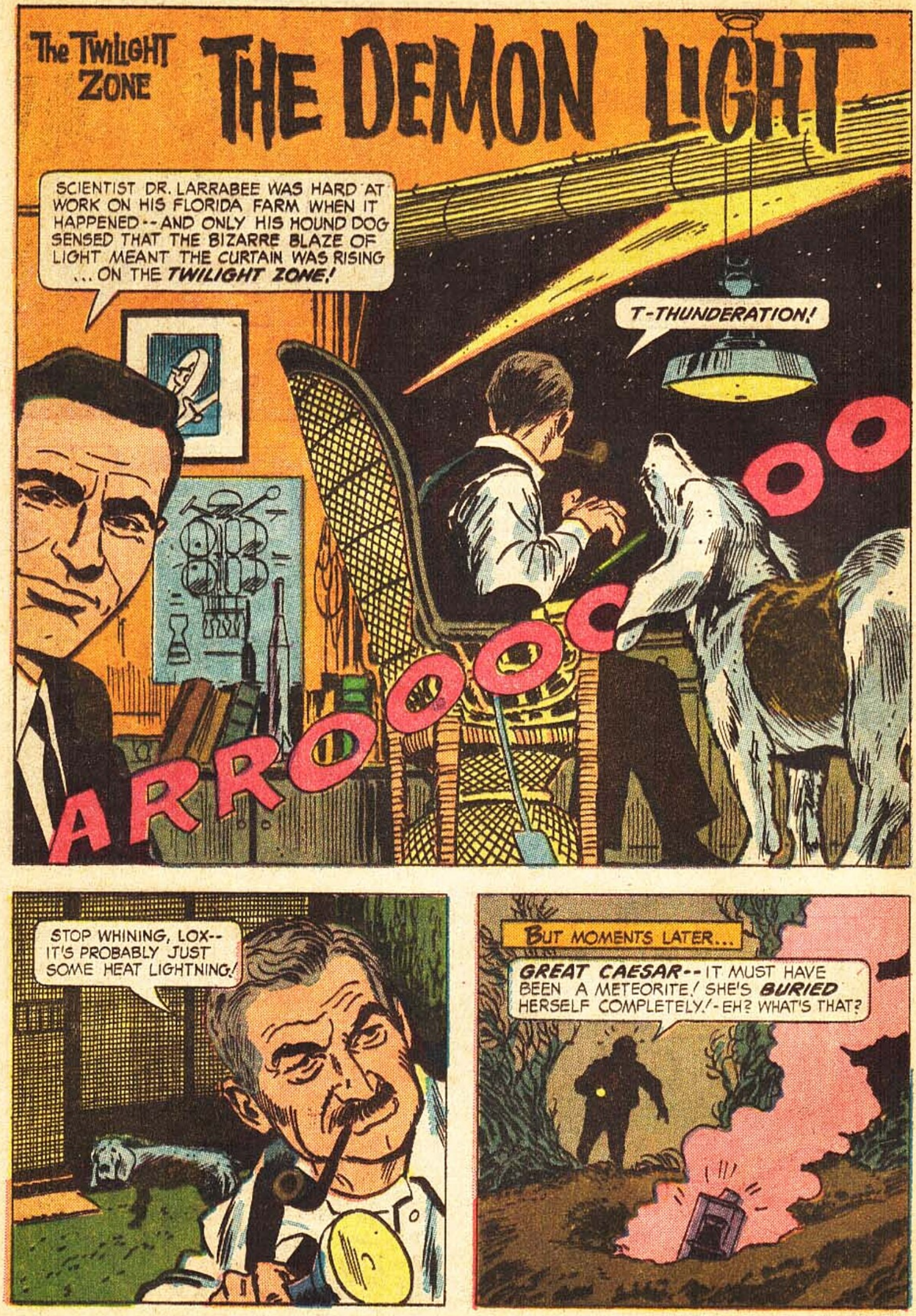
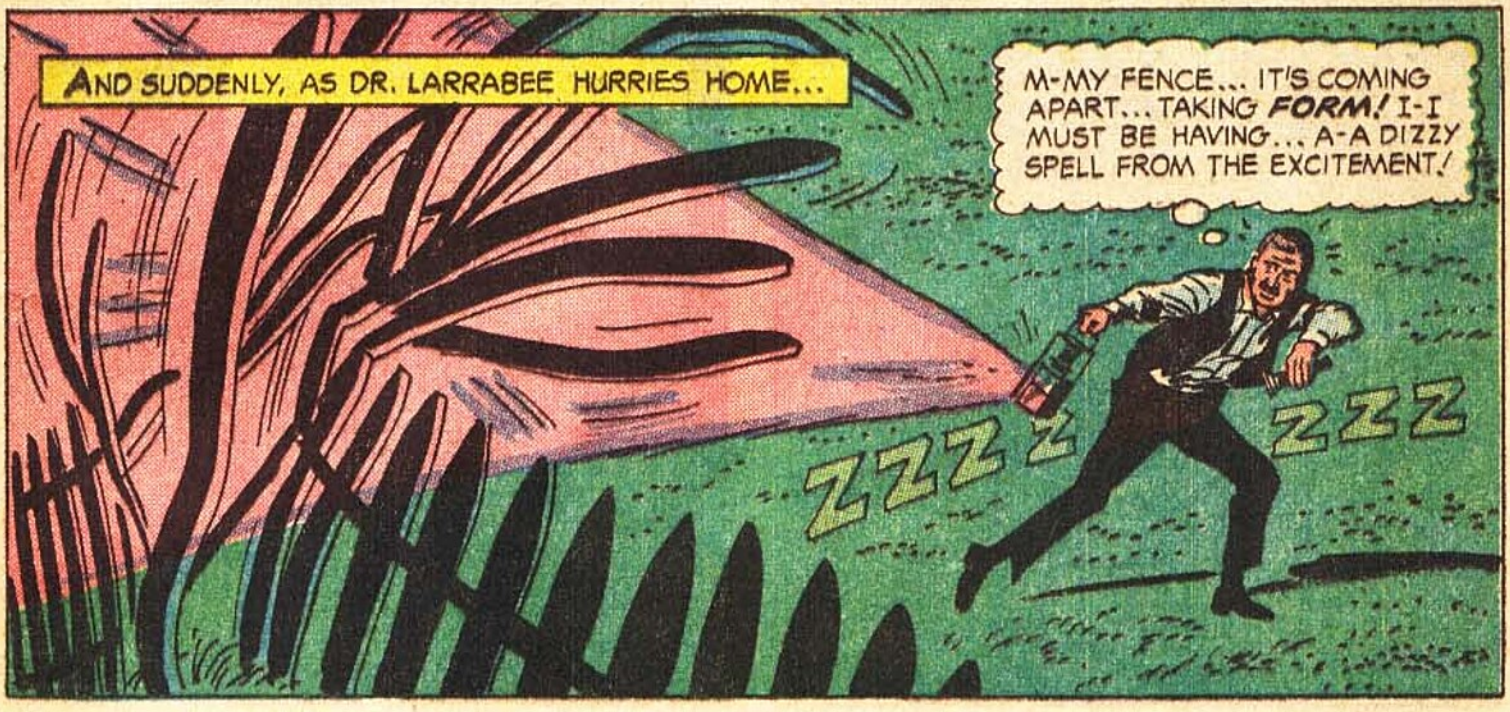

THEN...
SUCCESS! AT LONG LAST WE HAVE MANUFACTURED A TRUE HUMAN-TYPE!
OH-H!
YES, YES... IN LESS THAN A CENTURY WE HAVE LEARNED TO MAKE THEM... AS THEY DID US!
2264
NOVEMBER


The Twilight Zone
THE DEMON LIGHT
SCIENTIST DR. LARRABEE WAS HARD AT WORK ON HIS FLORIDA FARM WHEN IT HAPPENED -- AND ONLY HIS HOUND DOG SENSED THAT THE BIZARRE BLAZE OF LIGHT MEANT THE CURTAIN WAS RISING ... ON THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
T-THUNDERATION!
ARROOOOOOO
STOP WHINING, LOX-- IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOME HEAT LIGHTNING!
BUT MOMENTS LATER...
GREAT CAESAR -- IT MUST HAVE BEEN A METEORITE! SHE'S BURIED HERSELF COMPLETELY! - EH? WHAT'S THAT?

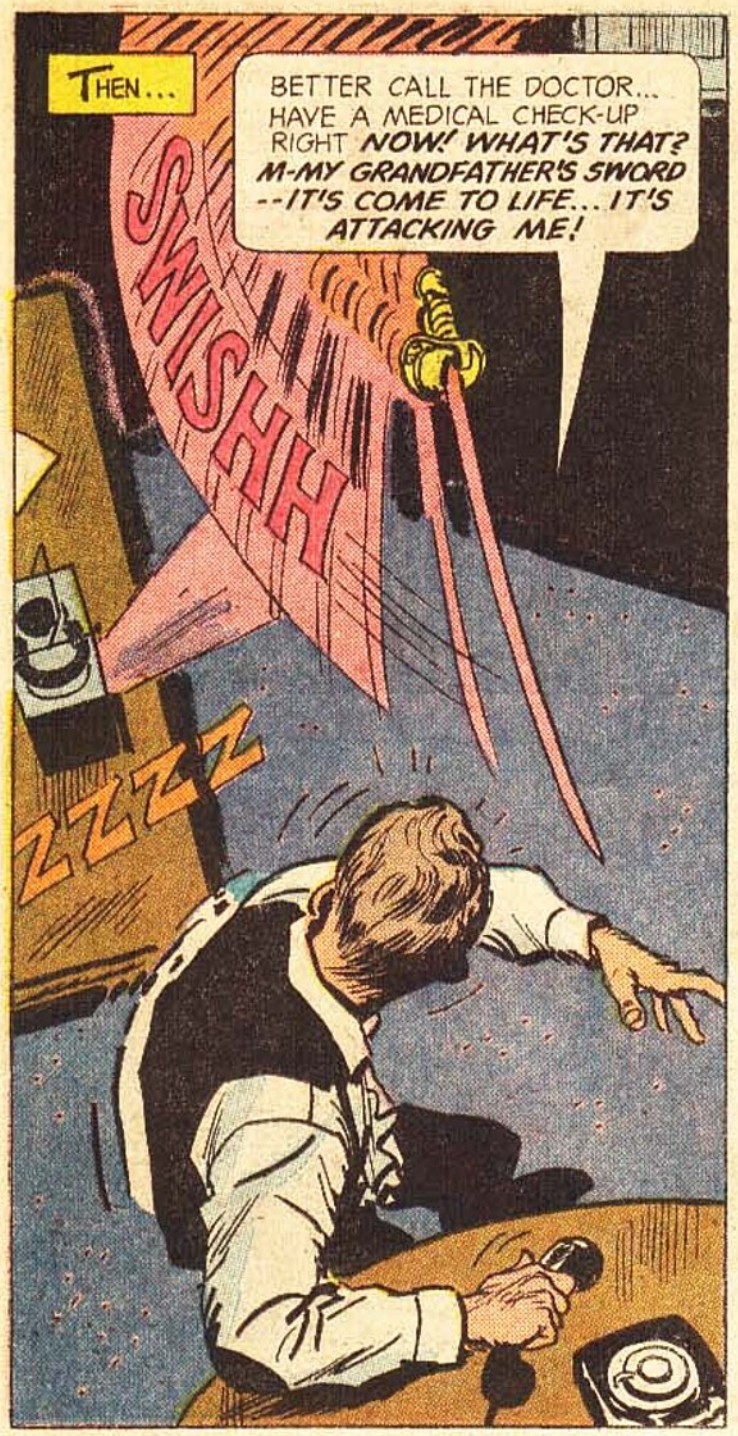
W-WHY IT'S A LANTERN--AND IT'S GLOWING!

IT'S VIBRATING--AS IF FROM SOME ENERGY SOURCE! STRANGE...THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ROOM FOR BATTERIES... AND WHAT A WEIRD LIGHT IT CASTS!
ZZZZZZ
ZZZ


AND SUDDENLY, AS DR. LARRABEE HURRIES HOME...
M-MY FENCE... IT'S COMING APART... TAKING FORM! I-I MUST BE HAVING... A-A DIZZY SPELL FROM THE EXCITEMENT!
ZZZZ
ZZZ

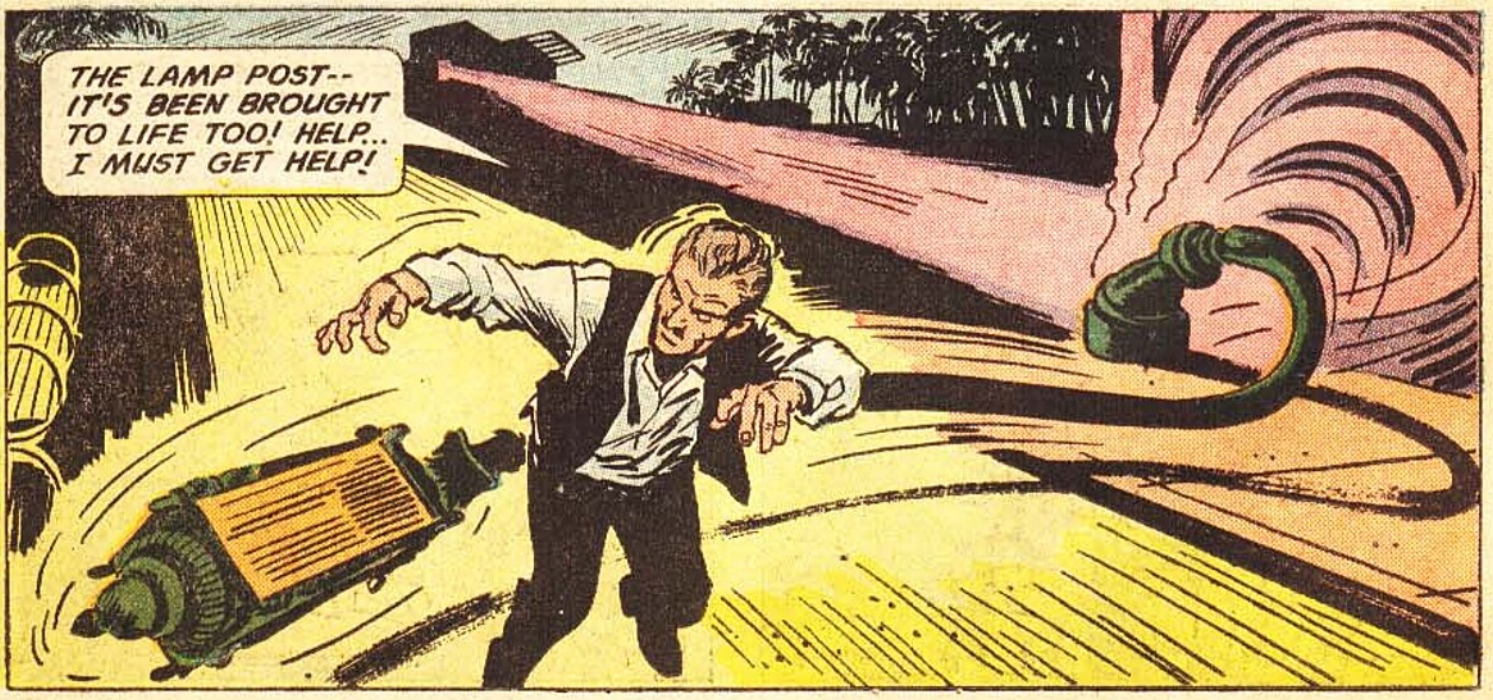
BUT THE GOOD DOCTOR'S DIZZY SPELL SOON BECOMES AN INCREDIBLE NIGHTMARE, AS...
I-IT SEEMS TO BE REACHING FOR ME! N-NO... NO!

FINALLY, IN THE SAFETY OF HIS HOME...
G-GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, LARRABEE... ALL THESE LONG HOURS WORKING ON ROCKET PROPULSION MUST HAVE... UNHINGED YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM...
ZZZZZZZ


THEN...
BETTER CALL THE DOCTOR... HAVE A MEDICAL CHECK-UP RIGHT NOW! WHAT'S THAT? M-MY GRANDFATHER'S SWORD --IT'S COME TO LIFE... IT'S ATTACKING ME!
SWISHH
ZZZZ

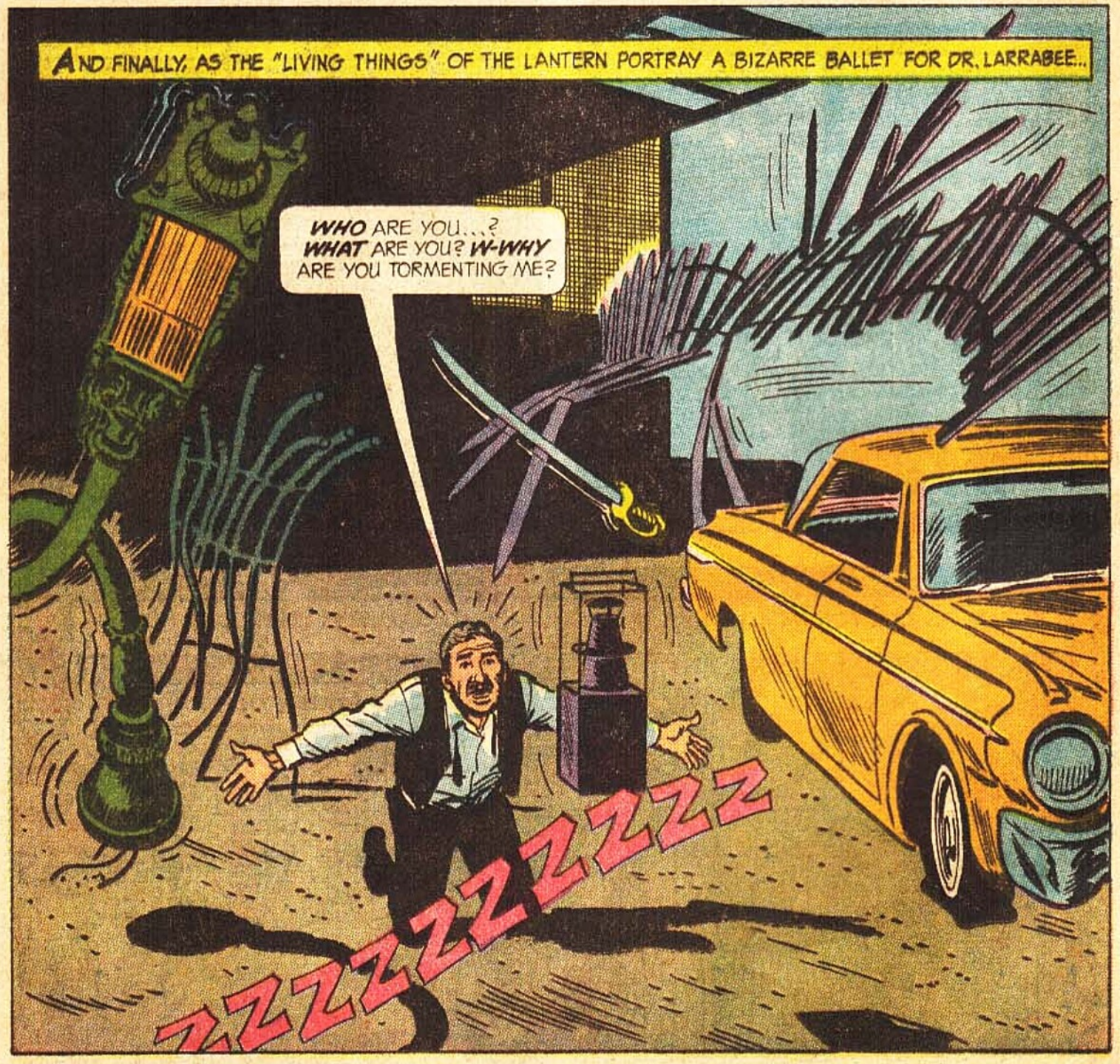
BUT THE FLAILING SWORD IS NOT SEEKING OUT DR. LARRABEE...
THE PHONE LINE--IT'S CUTTING OFF MY COMMUNICATION! THE LANTERN DID IT--WHEN ITS LIGHT FELL UPON THE SWORD IT CAME TO LIFE... JUST AS THE FENCE DID!

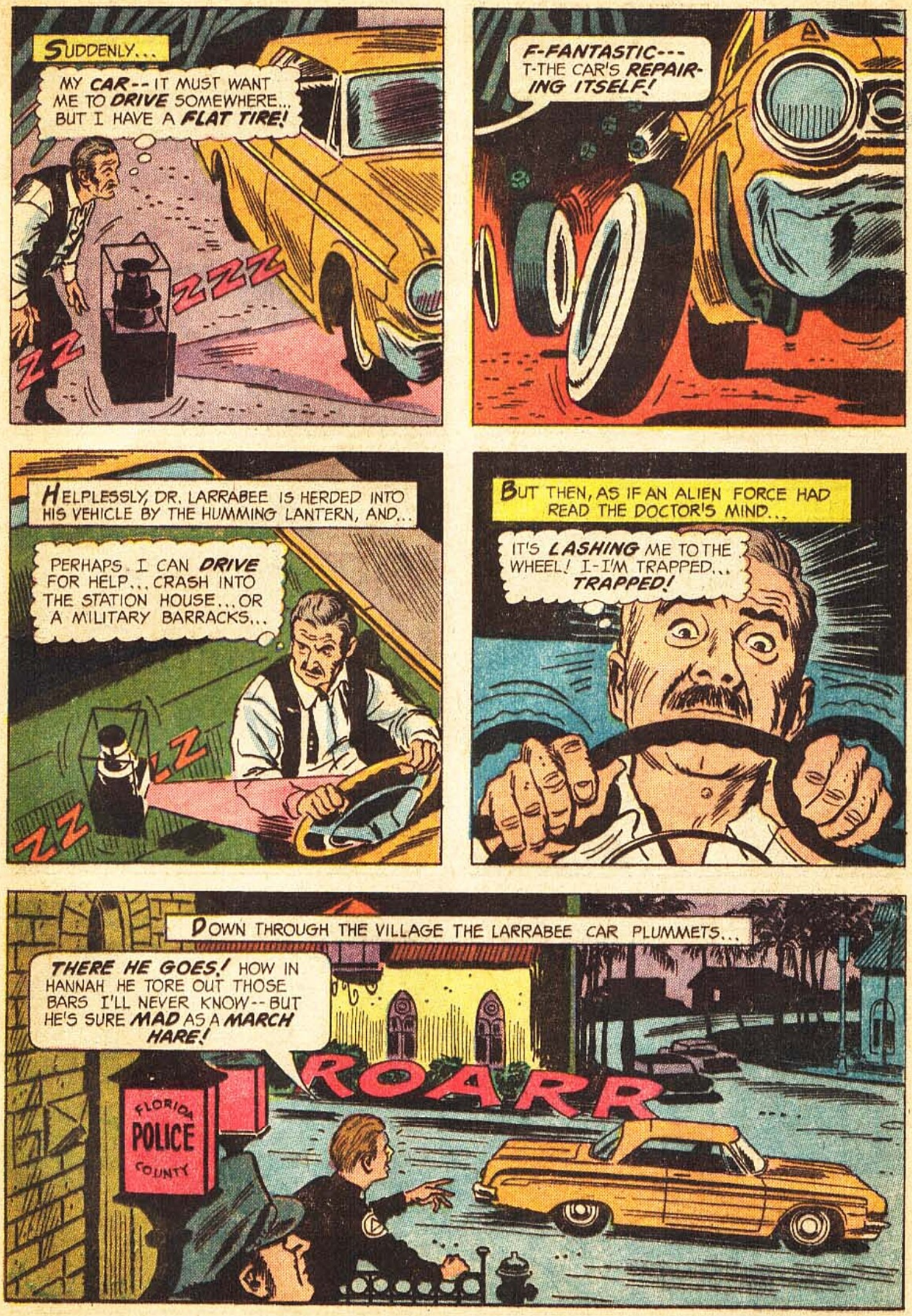
T-THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A METEORITE THAT FELL! I'VE STUMBLED INTO SOME FANTASTIC MAGIC FROM ANOTHER WORLD!


THE LAMP POST-- IT'S BEEN BROUGHT TO LIFE TOO! HELP.. I MUST GET HELP!

LIKE LIVING, WRITHING SERPENTS THE JAIL CELL BARS ENTWINE DR. LARRABEE...
MFFFMFFFFF

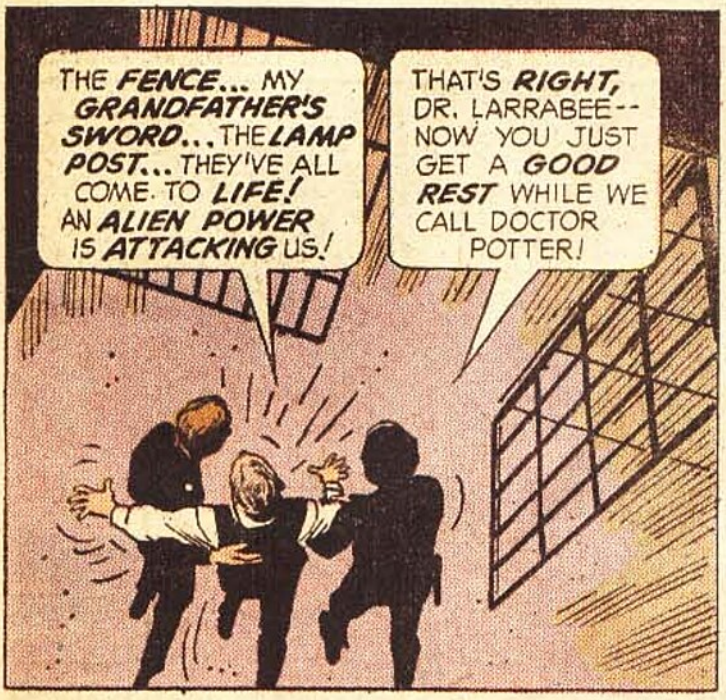
AND OUTSIDE IN THE QUIET VILLAGE STREETS, A MACABRE SCENE IS ENACTED UNDER THE MOONLIGHT...
T-THEY'RE TAKING ME... BACK!! THE BARS ARE ALIVE-- THEY HAVE A WILL OF OF THEIR OWN!


AND FINALLY, AS THE "LIVING THINGS" OF THE LANTERN PORTRAY A BIZARRE BALLET FOR DR. LARRABEE...
WHO ARE YOU...? WHAT ARE YOU? W-WHY ARE YOU TORMENTING ME?
ZZZZZZZZZ

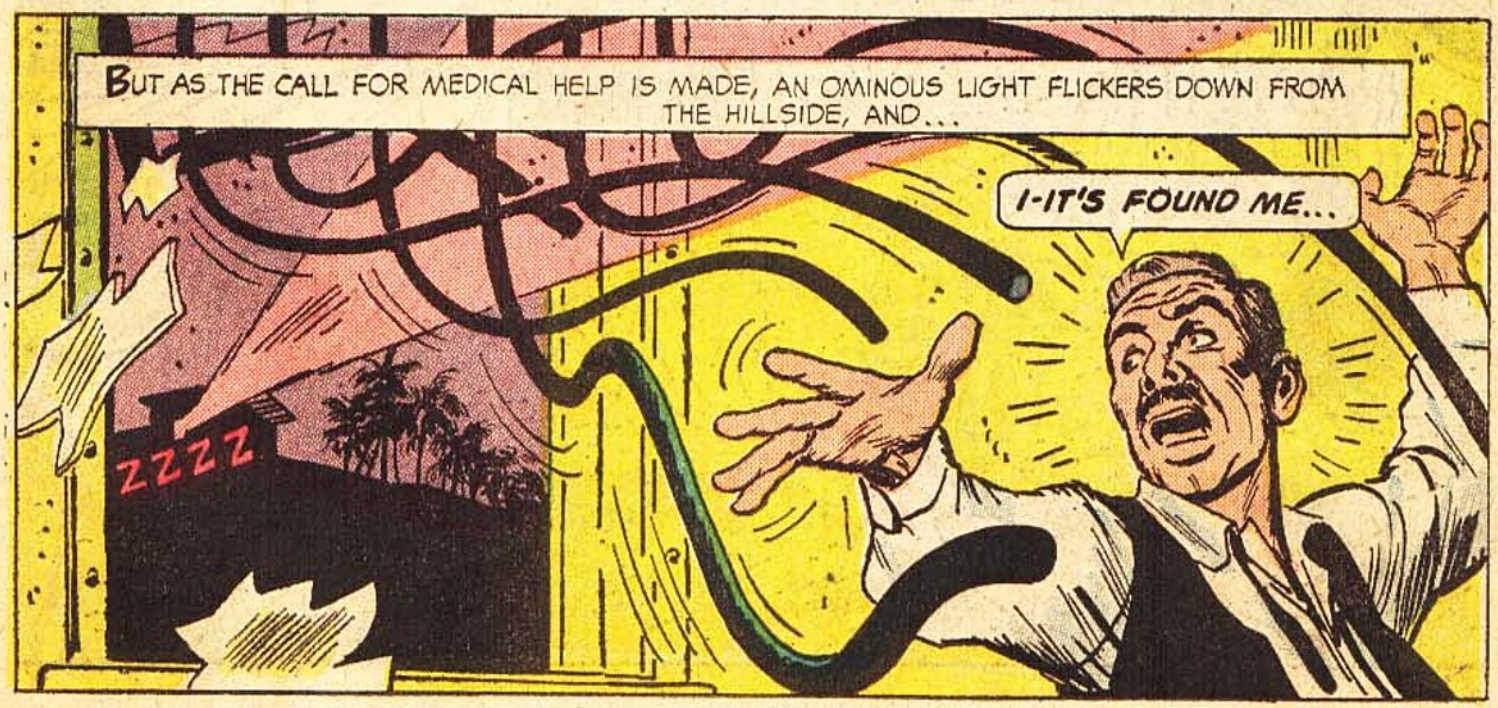

SUDDENLY...
MY CAR--IT MUST WANT ME TO DRIVE SOMEWHERE... BUT I HAVE A FLAT TIRE!
ZZZ
ZZ
F-FANTASTIC--- T-THE CAR'S REPAIRING ITSELF!
HELPLESSLY, DR. LARRABEE IS HERDED INTO HIS VEHICLE BY THE HUMMING LANTERN, AND...
PERHAPS I CAN DRIVE FOR HELP... CRASH INTO THE STATION HOUSE... OR A MILITARY BARRACKS...
ZZ
BUT THEN, AS IF AN ALIEN FORCE HAD READ THE DOCTOR'S MIND...
IT'S LASHING ME TO THE WHEEL! I-I'M TRAPPED... TRAPPED!
DOWN THROUGH THE VILLAGE THE LARRABEE CAR PLUMMETS...
THERE HE GOES! HOW IN HANNAH HE TORE OUT THOSE BARS I'LL NEVER KNOW--BUT HE'S SURE MAD AS A MARCH HARE!
ROARR
FLORIDA
POLICE
COUNTY

HELP! HELP! A TERRIBLE FORCE FROM ANOTHER WORLD IS ATTACKING--WE'RE ALL IN DANGER!
IT'S DR. LARRABEE--GREAT GOSH--HE'S RAVING MAD!

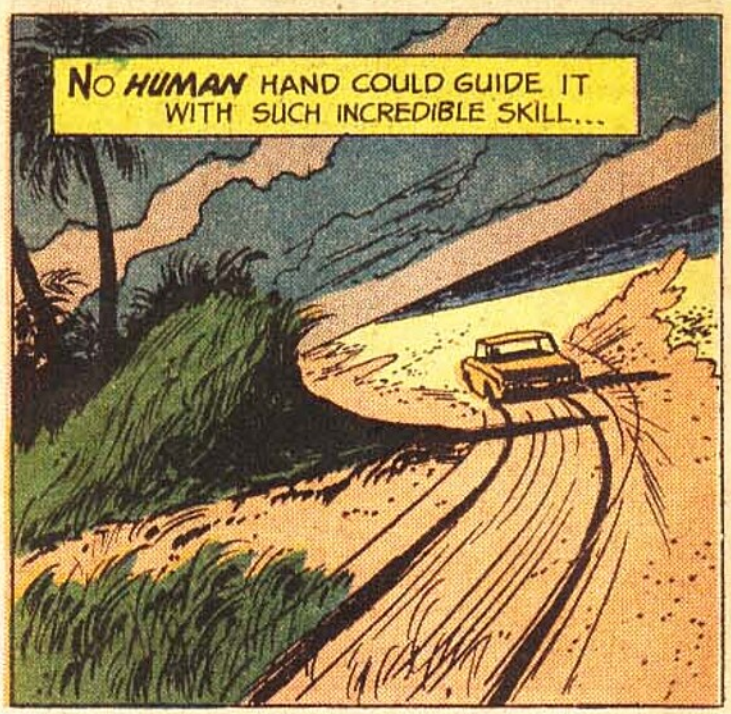
ALL THAT WORK ON THE SPACE PROGRAM--IT'S FINALLY AFFECTED HIS HEAD!
BE GENTLE WITH HIM...SURE, NOW, EVERYTHING'S OKAY, SIR!


THE FENCE... MY GRANDFATHER'S SWORD...THE LAMP POST...THEY'VE ALL COME TO LIFE! AN ALIEN POWER IS ATTACKING US!
THAT'S RIGHT, DR. LARRABEE--NOW YOU JUST GET A GOOD REST WHILE WE CALL DOCTOR POTTER!

NO, THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW COULDN'T BELIEVE SUCH A FAR-FETCHED TALE...THEY KNEW IT MUST BE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN...
I GUESS GOING POTTY IS A RISK THOSE SCIENTIFIC FELLOWS TAKE--DWELLING ON ALL THAT CRAZY OUTER SPACE STUFF!

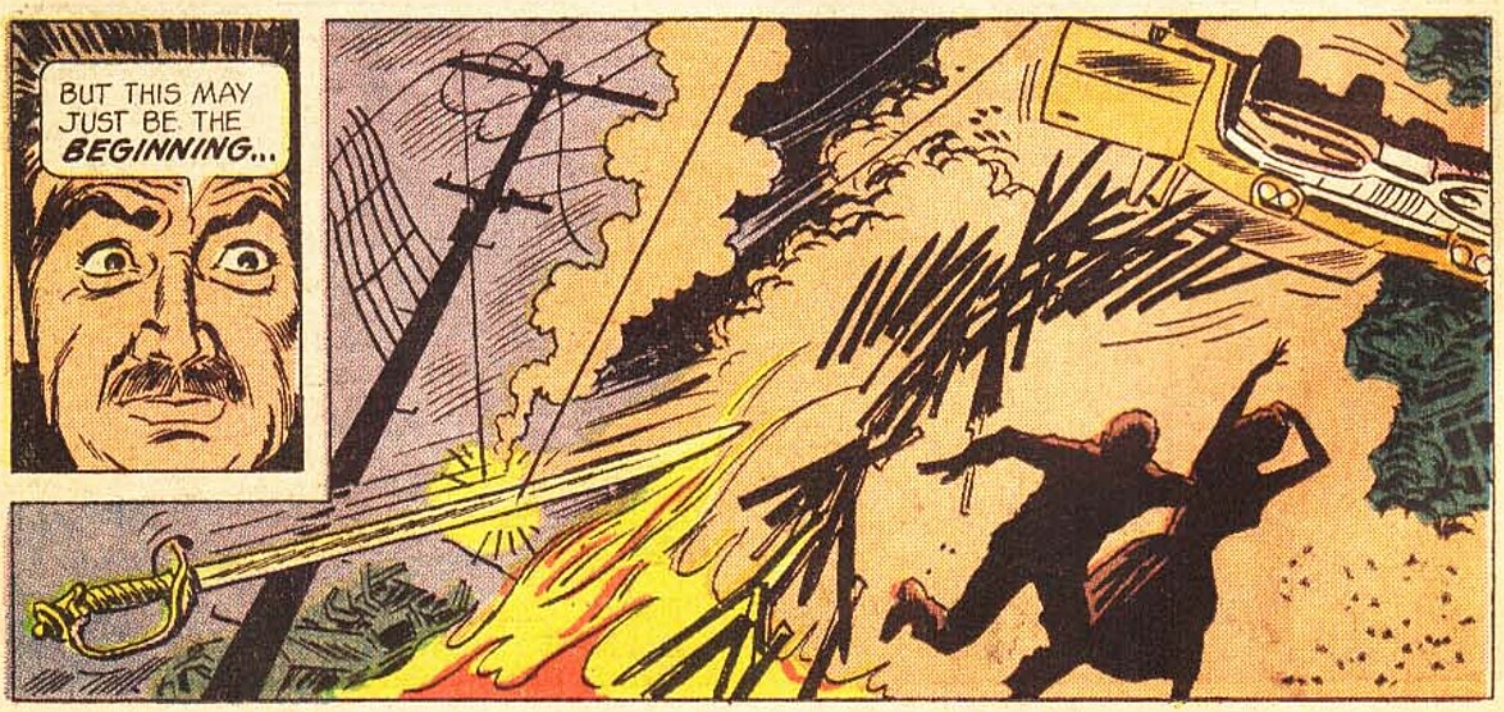

BUT AS THE CALL FOR MEDICAL HELP IS MADE, AN OMINOUS LIGHT FLICKERS DOWN FROM THE HILLSIDE, AND...
I-IT'S FOUND ME...
ZZZZ

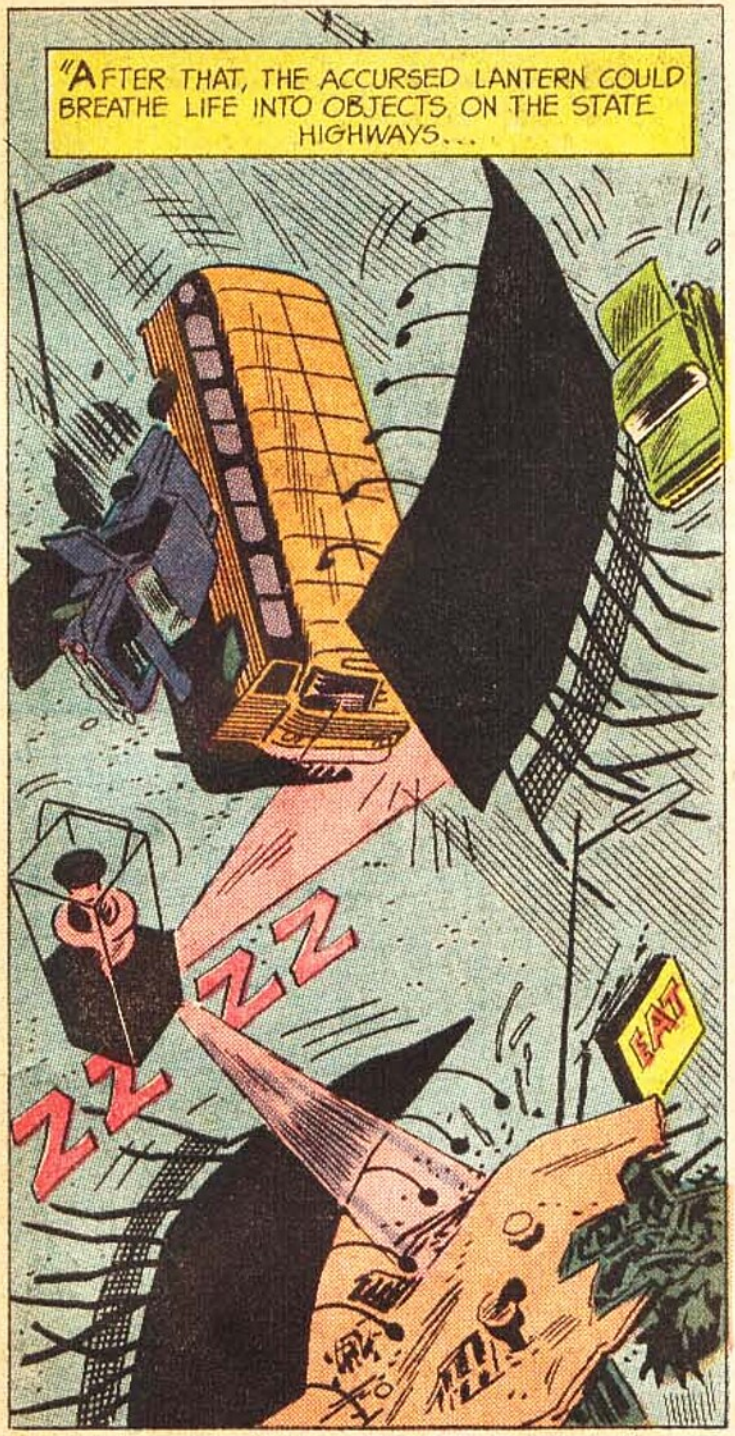
AT ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR THE CAR RACES EASTWARD...


NO HUMAN HAND COULD GUIDE IT WITH SUCH INCREDIBLE SKILL...

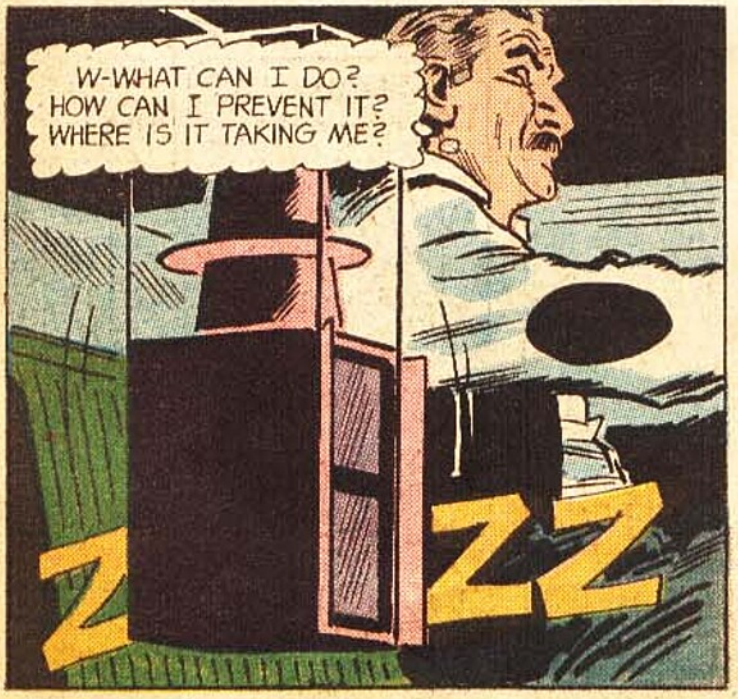
THEN ITS RADIO BLARES A BIZARRE NEWS NOTE..
A MOST UNUSUAL REPORT HAS JUST COME IN FROM THE VILLAGE OF DUNNEVILLE --CITIZENS CLAIM A SWORD IS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR SLASHING UP THE TOWN...
T-THE OBJECTS ARE STILL ALIVE...

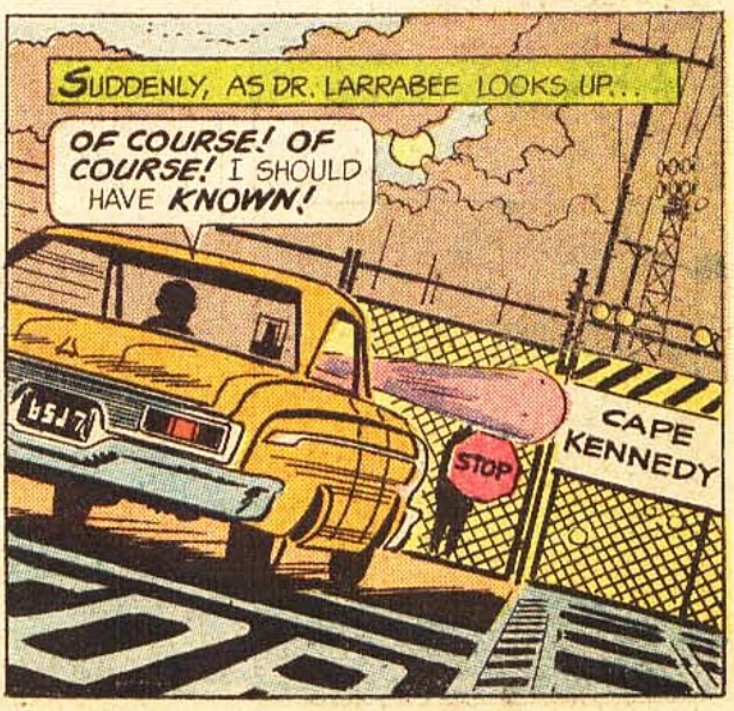
AND THEY'RE HOSTILE!

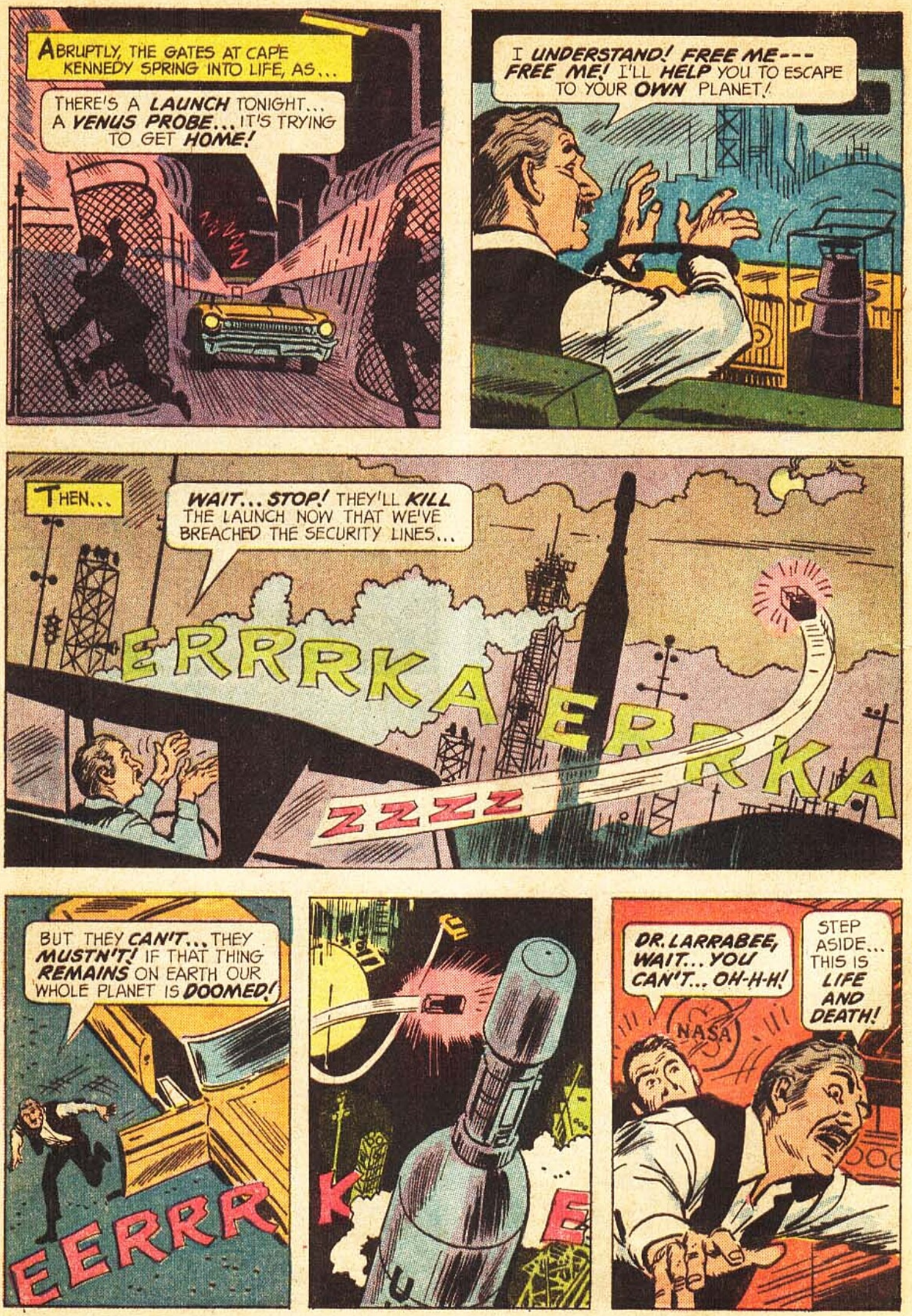

BUT THIS MAY JUST BE THE BEGINNING...


"AFTER THAT, THE ACCURSED LANTERN COULD BREATHE LIFE INTO OBJECTS ON THE STATE HIGHWAYS...
ZZZ
EAT

"AND THE BIG CITIES..."
ZZZ

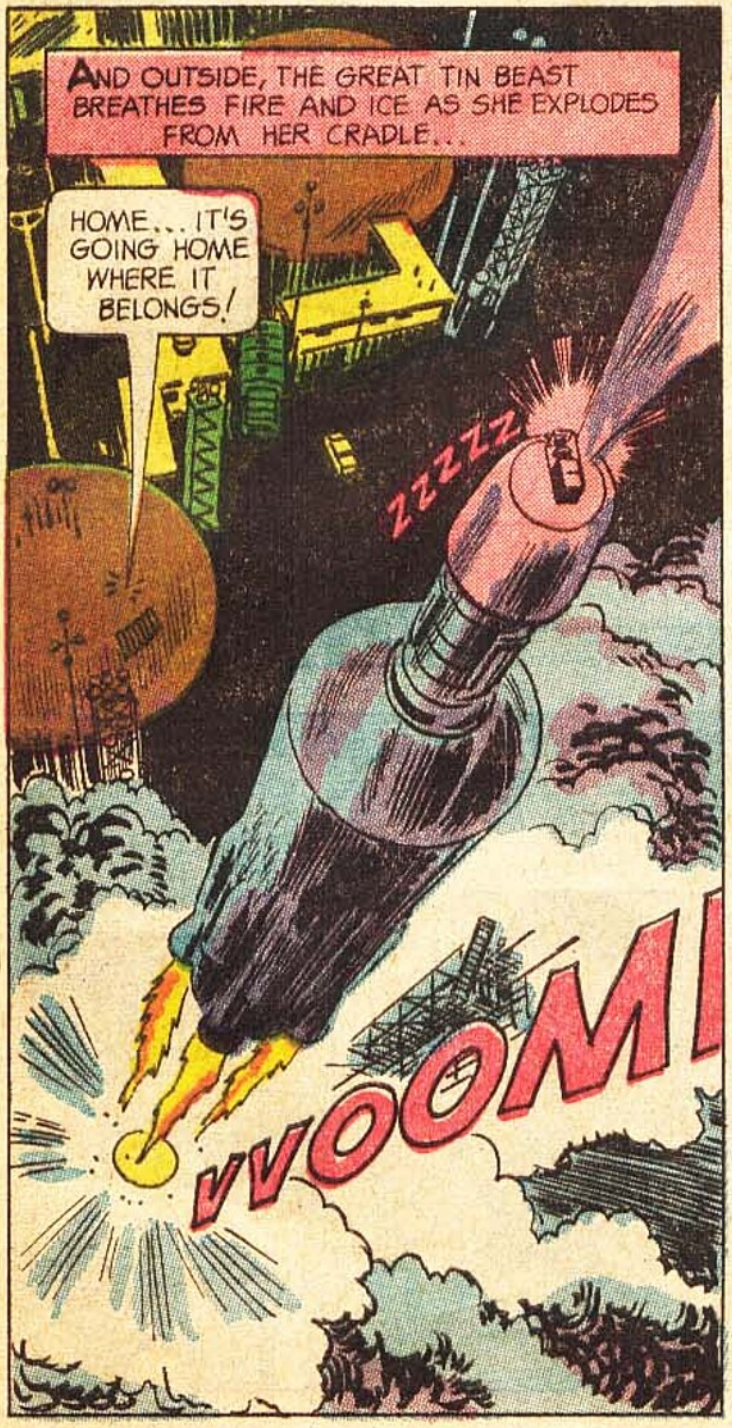

W-WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I PREVENT IT? WHERE IS IT TAKING ME?
ZZZ


SUDDENLY, AS DR. LARRABEE LOOKS UP...
OF COURSE! OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
STOP
CAPE KENNEDY


ABRUPTLY, THE GATES AT CAPE KENNEDY SPRING INTO LIFE, AS...
THERE'S A LAUNCH TONIGHT... A VENUS PROBE... IT'S TRYING TO GET HOME!
I UNDERSTAND! FREE ME--- FREE ME! I'LL HELP YOU TO ESCAPE TO YOUR OWN PLANET!
THEN...
WAIT... STOP! THEY'LL KILL THE LAUNCH NOW THAT WE'VE BREACHED THE SECURITY LINES...
ERRRKA
ERRRKA
ZZZZ
BUT THEY CAN'T... THEY MUSTN'T! IF THAT THING REMAINS ON EARTH OUR WHOLE PLANET IS DOOMED!
EERRR
K
E
U
DR. LARRABEE, WAIT... YOU CAN'T... OH-H-H!
NASA
STEP ASIDE... THIS IS LIFE AND DEATH!

LIKE A HALF-CRAZED MAN, THE DOCTOR BURSTS INTO BLOCKHOUSE CONTROL, AND...
STOP HIM! STOP HIM! HE'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK!
THAT BIRD MUST BE LAUNCHED... IT'S GOT TO BE A GO!

CLICK


AND OUTSIDE, THE GREAT TIN BEAST BREATHES FIRE AND ICE AS SHE EXPLODES FROM HER CRADLE...
HOME... IT'S GOING HOME WHERE IT BELONGS!
ZZZZZ
VVOOM!

AND AFTERWARD, AS PUZZLED COLLEAGUES SURROUND DR. LARRABEE...
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW--THE INANIMATE OBJECTS THE THING BROUGHT TO "LIFE" ARE DEAD AGAIN...

NOW I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU GENTLEMEN... BUT I AM GREATLY AFRAID YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE A WORD I SAY!
AND THE GOOD DOCTOR LARRABEE IS RIGHT--FOR WHO DOES BELIEVE IN MAGIC LANTERNS?

THE MYSTIC BOOK
HOLD!
DETECTIVE FALCONE WAS DOING HIS JOB WELL--ONE BY ONE HE WAS SMASHING THE THIEVING SPIRITUALISTS WHO WERE CHEATING WEALTHY TOURISTS.
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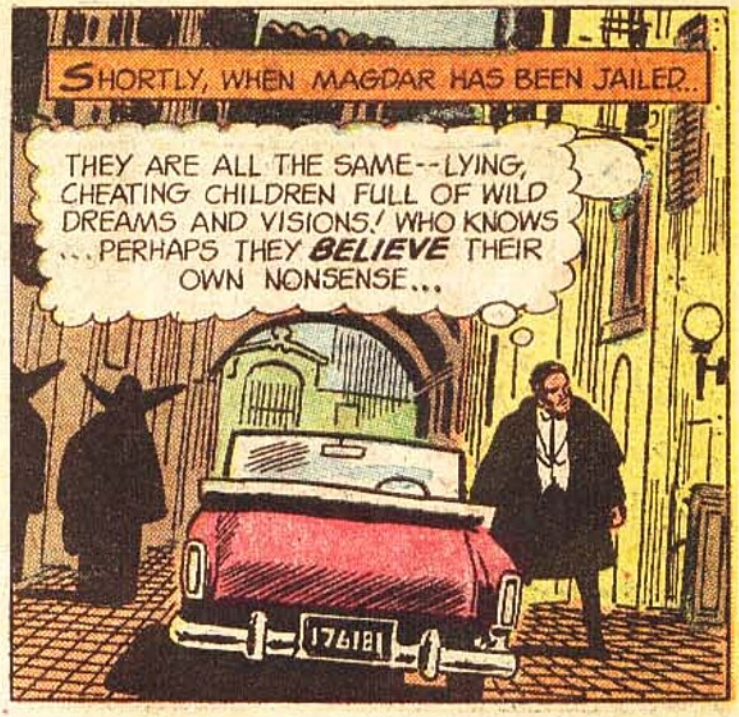
MAGDAR, THE SPIRITUALIST, IS A FAKE--THE GHOST OF JULIUS CAESAR SHE IS RESURRECTING IS MERELY A GAUZE CLOTH!

THIS IS IT FOR YOU, MAGDAR--I'M TAKING YOU TO THE LOCAL CONSTABLE!
YOU BLACK DOG, FALCONE--HOW DARE YOU TAMPER WITH THE SUPERNATURAL?

WE MERELY TRICK TOURISTS TO PLEASE THEM--BUT THERE ARE MANY TRUE MYSTERIES WE IMPART TO THEM ALSO!
OF COURSE, MAGDAR --THE MYSTERY OF WHERE THEIR MONEY WENT! COME ALONG...


SHORTLY, WHEN MAGDAR HAS BEEN JAILED..
THEY ARE ALL THE SAME--LYING, CHEATING CHILDREN FULL OF WILD DREAMS AND VISIONS! WHO KNOWS ...PERHAPS THEY BELIEVE THEIR OWN NONSENSE...
174181

AND LATER, AS FALCONE DRIVES THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS TOWARD THE NEXT VILLAGE..
MOUNTAIN STORM...CAN'T SEE A FOOT IN FRONT OF ME...IT IS BEST I TAKE REFUGE UNTIL IT IS OVER! AH:..A MOUNTAIN CABIN...

MAGDAR'S BOOK--THE OLD CRONE LEFT IT! IT WILL GIVE ME SOME AMUSING READING WHILE WAITING FOR THE STORM TO CEASE!

THE DETECTIVE SETTLES DOWN TO WAIT OUT THE STORM...
THE RAINS OF HATE... WHO COULD WRITE SUCH FANTASTIC TRASH...
RAINS OF FISH... RED RAINS... HA, HA!

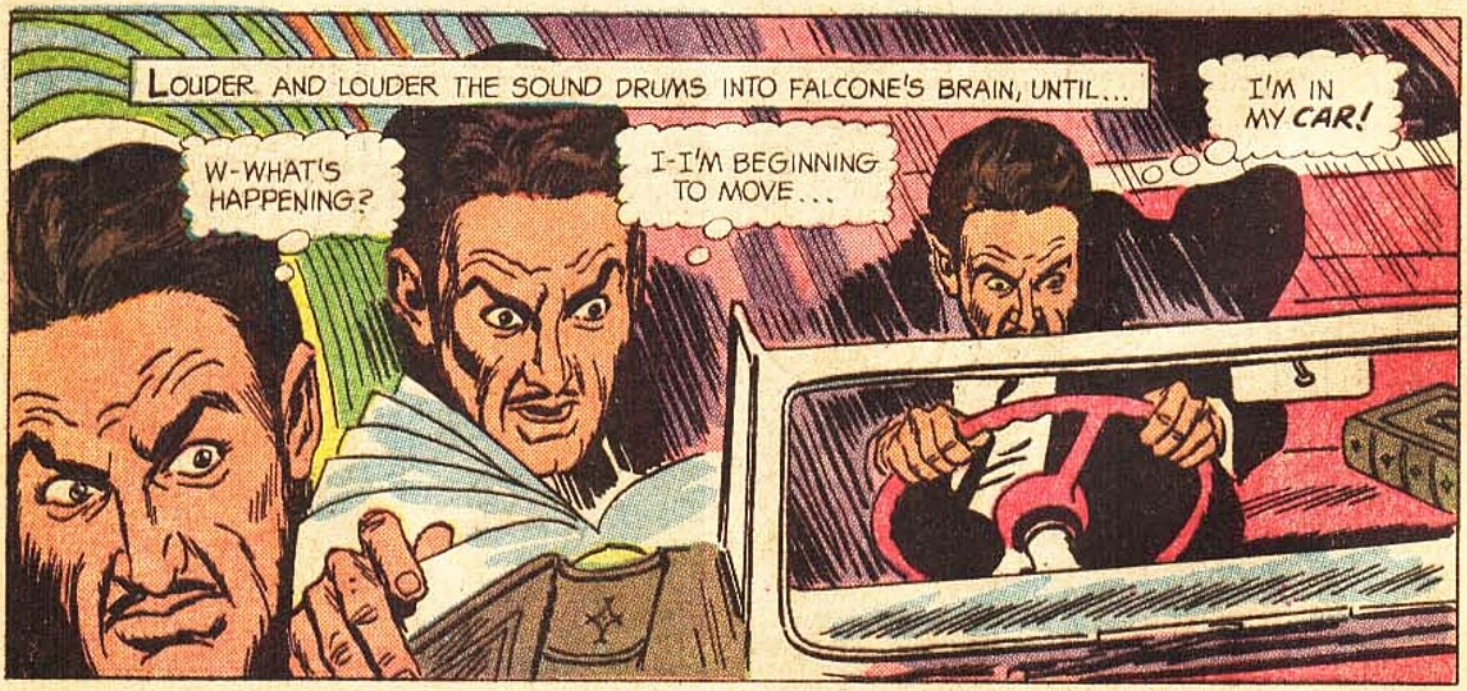
" AND AT DAWN THE SKIES OF TRINIDAD POURED FORTH TOADS!" HO, HO, HO!

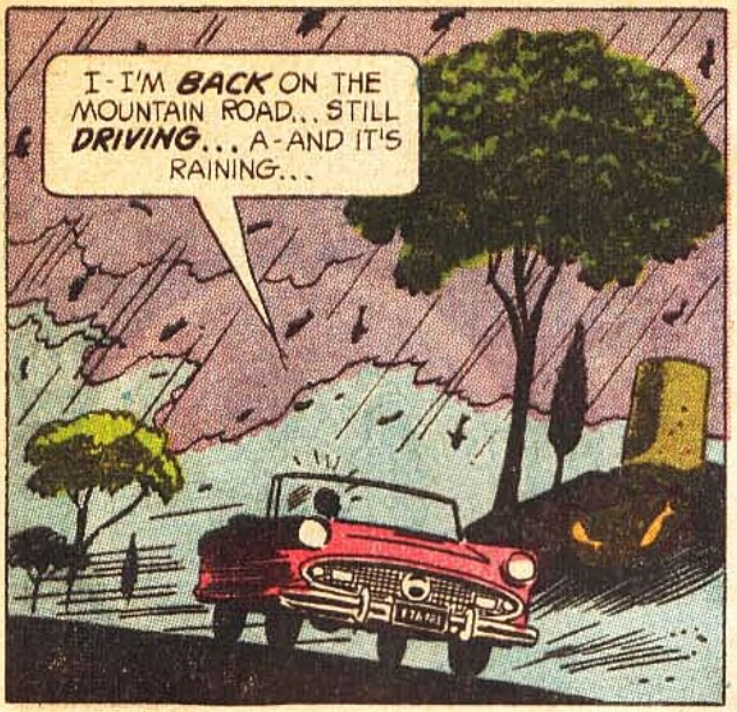
ON AND ON FALCONE READS, HIS LAUGHTER BOOMING THROUGH THE LONELY MOUNTAIN HUT...
AND IN THE 16TH CENTURY IT RAINED GOLD DOUBLOONS UPON A SPANISH VESSEL OUT AT SEA! HA, HA! AND HERE'S ANOTHER WILD ONE...
HA HA HA HA

"AND IN 1744 THE RAIN OF RICE DELUGED SHANGHAI TO A DEPTH OF TWO FEET..."
HA HA HA HA

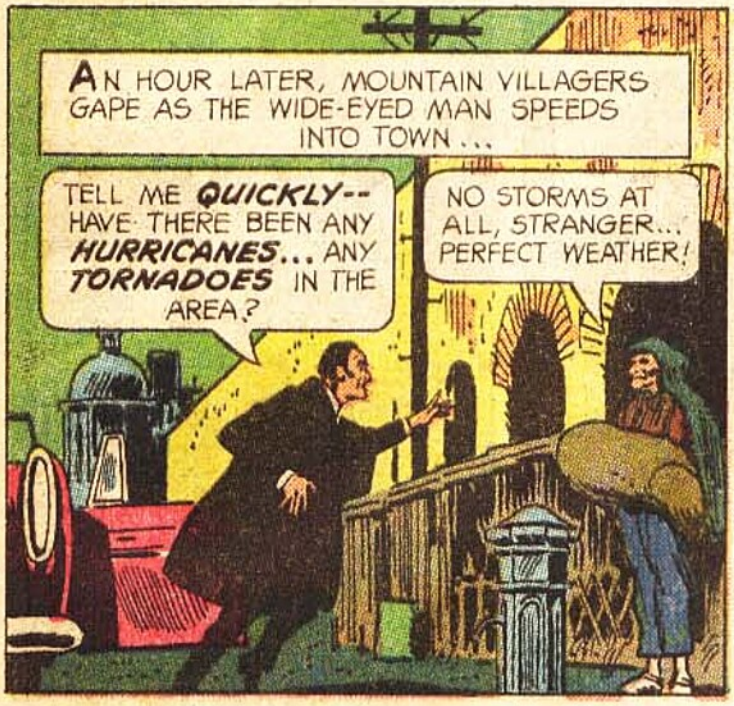
HA, HA! THE POOR, IGNORANT FOOLS TO BELIEVE SUCH NONSENSE! ANY EDUCATED MAN KNOWS THAT THOSE ODD RAINS HAVE A REASON... TORNADOES AND WIND-STORMS SOMETIMES SWEEP OBJECTS UP INTO THE AIR...
HA HA HA HA

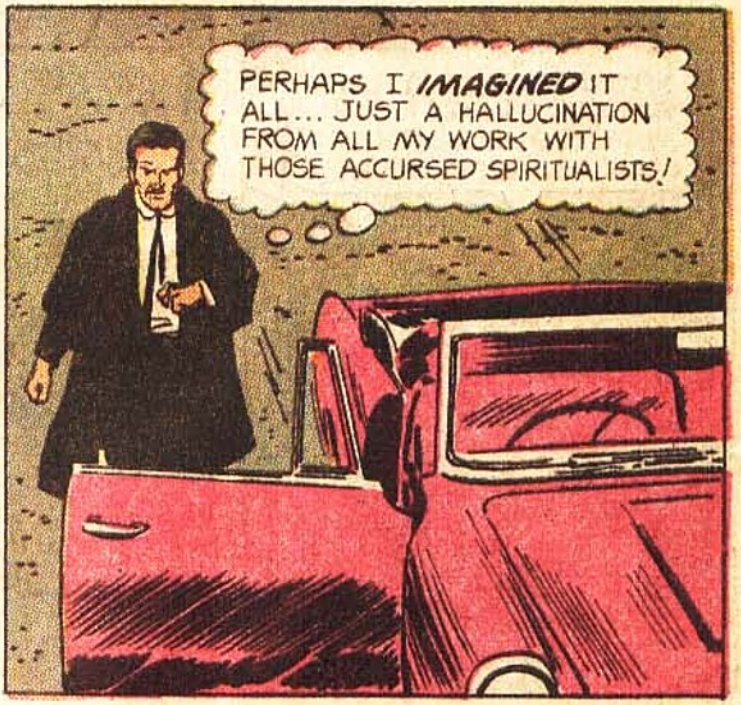
SUDDENLY...
AND DROP THEM BACK AGAIN! BUT THESE FANTASTIC STORIES HAVE EXAGGERATED THEM WILDLY! OH-H... MY HEAD... IT'S HUMMING...

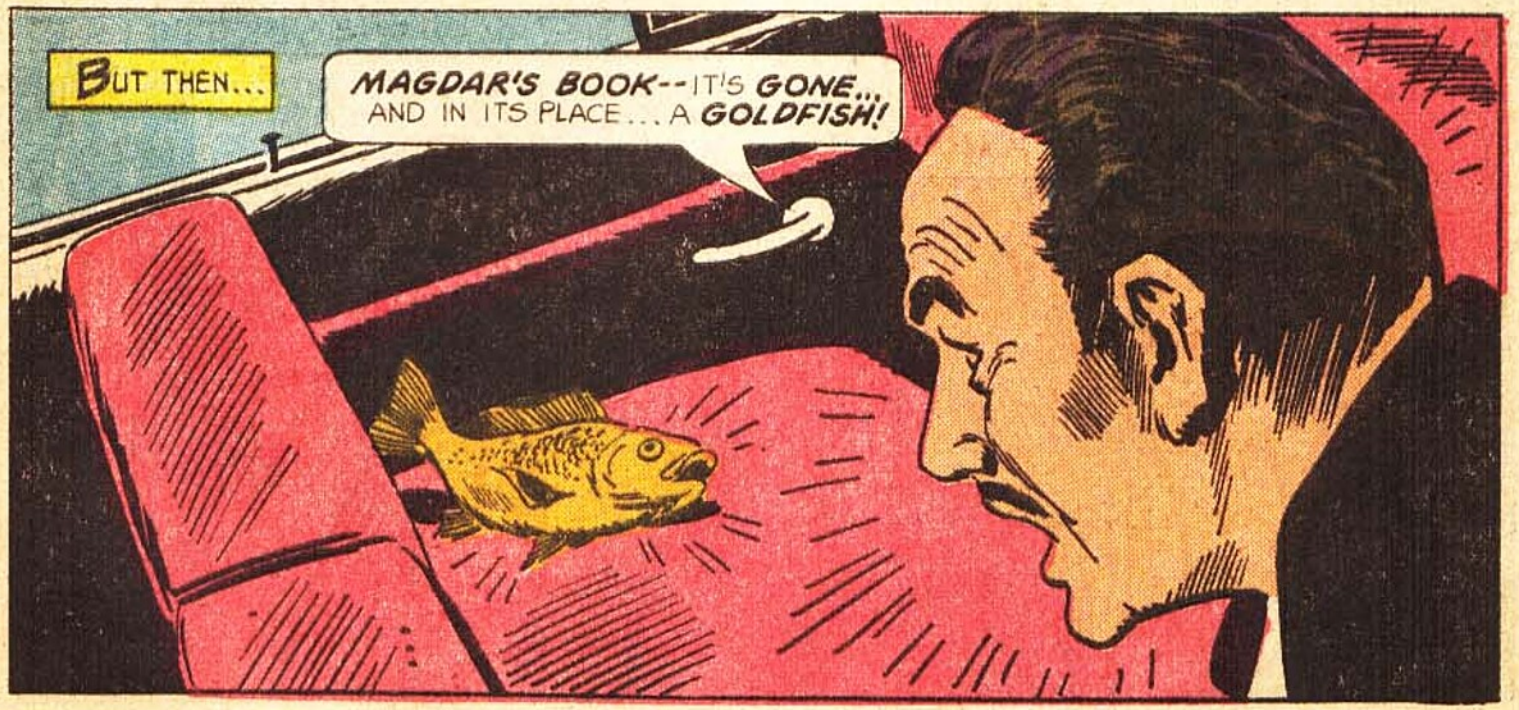

LOUDER AND LOUDER THE SOUND DRUMS INTO FALCONE'S BRAIN, UNTIL...
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I-I'M BEGINNING TO MOVE...
I'M IN MY CAR!


I-I'M BACK ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD... STILL DRIVING... A-AND IT'S RAINING...

GOLDFISH-- GIANT CARP!


AN HOUR LATER, MOUNTAIN VILLAGERS GAPE AS THE WIDE-EYED MAN SPEEDS INTO TOWN...
TELL ME QUICKLY-- HAVE THERE BEEN ANY HURRICANES... ANY TORNADOES IN THE AREA?
NO STORMS AT ALL, STRANGER... PERFECT WEATHER!


PERHAPS I IMAGINED IT ALL... JUST A HALLUCINATION FROM ALL MY WORK WITH THOSE ACCURSED SPIRITUALISTS!


BUT THEN...
MAGDAR'S BOOK--IT'S GONE... AND IN ITS PLACE... A GOLDFISH!

The MIDAS WHEEL
HERE WE GO, MR. GRUNTLUND--- FIVE IS YOUR NUMBER!
WISHING WHEEL
PICK A NUMBER AND YOUR WISH CAN COME TRUE!
10
THE WHEEL SPUN ROUND AND ROUND... AND CYRUS GRUNTLUND COULD NEVER DREAM THAT HIS SECRET WISH WOULD REALLY COME TRUE!
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HAVING TO SPEND A DIME FOR OUR CHARITY FAIR HAS MADE RICH OLD GRUNTLUND SOUR AS DILL PICKLES!

UTTER NONSENSE-- PAYING OUT GOOD SILVER FOR THIS! WHAT ELSE WOULD ANYONE WISH FOR BUT WEALTH!

MR. GRUNTLUND WINS WITH FIVE—HIS SECRET WISH WILL COME TRUE!

SUDDENLY...
EEEEK! MR. GRUNTLUND--HE'S TURNED YELLOW!
OF COURSE, DEAR LADY! ARE YOU REALLY SURPRISED THAT HIS SECRET WISH WAS TO BE MADE OF GOLD!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

PEOPLE OF ASIA

NUMBER 1

THE LAOTIANS

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

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Most of the people of Laos live near their rivers and depend heavily for food on fish —caught with cleverly made wicker traps.

Plowing depends on the mighty muscles of the water buffalo—a beast who obeys a native child but will try to kill a white man.

"Sticky," or glutinous, rice is the main crop grown in Laos! It is harvested and threshed and winnowed by primitive tools.

With no railroad and few good roads, the people of Laos use oxcarts for trucking, and cover them from the rain with roofs.

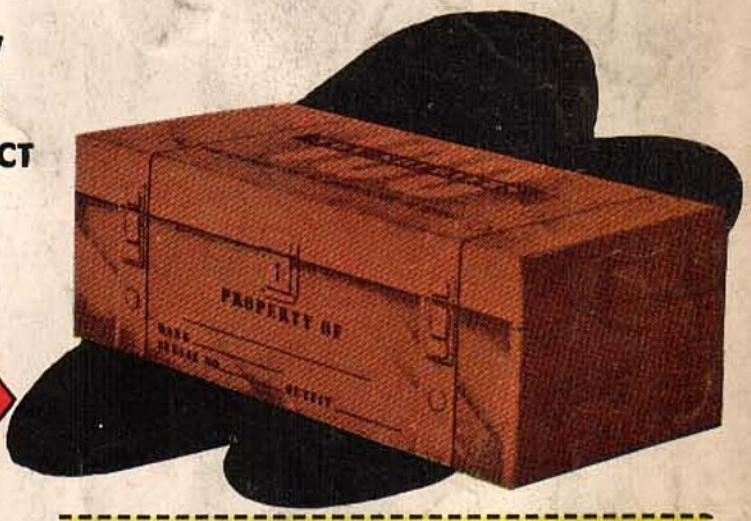
Laotians, like Americans, are of varied racial stock, but, unlike us, they have only started to feel they belong to one nation.

100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN BASE.

★ FUN TO SHOW
★ FUN TO TRADE
★ FUN TO COLLECT

DIMENSIONS
6 ½" × 3" × 2⅜"

PACKED in this PASTEBOARD FOOTLOCKER TOY STORAGE BOX



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4 Jeeps	8 Waves
4 Battleships	8 Wacs
4 Cruisers	4 Bombers
4 Sailors	4 Trucks
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8 Machinegunners	8 Cannon
8 Sharpshooters	4 Bazookamen
4 Infantrymen	4 Marksmen

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